

Wm Waters

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



## NEWSPAPER

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### Rights and Wrongs of Women.

If there be any truth in the French apothegm, that "nothing succeeds but success," its converse, that failure deserves to fail, may also claim some consideration. We may frankly concede that, as a universal rule, it would be unfair to make success the test of merit. On the other hand, we may be sure that when any great scheme of reform

comes to grief, notwithstanding its apparent show of justice and propriety, there is something about it at war with the unexpressed, and perhaps undefinable, instincts of mankind. This is somewhat the position in which the issue raised by the male and female leaders of the "woman's rights question" now stands. In military phraseology, the first skirmishes were successful, owing to the vigor of the attack, and the unaccountable apathy of the

enemy; but as soon as the battle began in earnest, an ignominious defeat quickly followed. Perhaps there was treachery in the ranks. Perhaps the courage of the leaders failed them at the critical moment, or they may have bethought them of the fatal results that even victory would have brought upon their cause. Such are always the sad consolations of the defeated. Thus in the present case it will be found, on examination, that men, the cruel

tyrants, were indifferent, or took refuge in silence (their best defense), so long as their assailants only talked. When words were succeeded by overt acts, they roused themselves, and discomfited the would-be sharers of their rights. Manchester (England) and Westchester county have been the Gettysburg and Appomattox of the women's cause, though we imagine that, for obvious reasons, "the historic apple tree" would be about the last



THE GANNSTADTER VOLKSFEST, OR FESTIVAL OF THE SWEDISH POPULATION OF NEW YORK—THE SECOND DAY'S DEMONSTRATION, AT LANDMAN'S HAMILTON PARK, NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 29TH, 1868.—SEE PAGE 67.



memento which the fair sex would like to have associated with their defeat.

It may be presumed that it was rather from an impulse of gallantry, or love of fun, than from a conviction that any wisdom or dignity would be added to their cause, that the National Labor Convention, lately in session, admitted a delegation of the (so-called) strong-minded ones. It might be presumed beforehand that there would be imported in the discussions a large amount of the talking element, not compensated for by weight of thought or elevation of sentiment, and that pet theories would be ventilated without regard to their appositeness or the promotion of the true ends of the Convention. And this, accordingly, is just what has happened. Valuable time was occupied in the advocacy of suffrage to women as the grand solution of the profound problem of the relations of capital to labor. No one who has studied the workings of unrestricted manhood suffrage in this crowded municipality can be deeply enamored of the system, seeing the corruption it produces in every branch of the government. We will not dispute that there may be worse evils than a corrupt government, though it is hard to imagine them. But when so much that is odious and intolerable is seen to spring directly from manhood suffrage, it strikes us as a very cool piece of assurance to ask Society to extend it to women, as if doubling the evil would diminish its weight. It is bad enough that the keepers of the Water street slums should have an equal voice in public affairs with men of honor and character. We may draw a veil over the picture of what would follow if, in the exercise of the franchise, the kept should be added to the keepers.

There is one great advantage that the advocates of women's rights have over their opponents, and that is, that they have all the talking to themselves, and, therefore, the most important part of the truths bearing upon the question remain unstated. Deference to public opinion restrains men from saying what everybody feels are the true bearings of the case. The question is as much physiological as moral. In the affairs of life, in the relations of the sexes, instinct guides as much as reason governs us. When little girls forsake dressing and petting their dolls, and turn to tops and playing ball, and when boys change places, in such innocent pleasures, with their sisters, we shall be ready to believe that the sexes are being reversed, and that nature fits them for equality in the pursuit of happiness. But not till then, in spite of all Mrs. Anthony and Mrs. Cady Stanton may say to the contrary.

But if these and other very respectable persons who think and act with them will be warned by one of their sisterhood, they will set their houses in order, and turn their attention to other matters than claiming political equality with men. A voice comes from Saratoga proclaiming that the end of women is at hand. We really hope not, although the new prophetess sees, in the passion for ornaments, the love of pleasure, "the loss of the London, and of the Evening Star, where no woman was saved" (untrue in fact, by-the-by), undoubted signs of the coming judgment. "The sword will certainly," she says, "be upon women very soon, and none seem to understand or take it to heart." What if this modern Cassandra should be right as to the end, but wrong as to the means! What if this impending "sword" should be political equality, and the threatened extinction should follow swiftly on their appearance as voters at the polls! It might not be physical death, but the loss of all that now makes the sex the glory and the crown of man.

The pottery manufacturers of Sheffield, England, have lately concluded a convention with their workmen for the settlement of trade disputes by arbitration. The board to whom future differences are to be referred is composed of ten manufacturers nominated by the chamber and ten workmen appointed by the working potters. The adoption of this system of arbitration shows a gleam of good sense amid the confusion that prevails whenever a difficulty arises between laborers and employers.

GENERAL FORREST, "the butcher of Fort Pillow," was a delegate to the July Democratic Convention in this city. We have before us an official letter from General D. S. Stanley, in which we find the following paragraph relating to this person: "About the middle of the summer of 1862 Forrest surprised the post of Murfreesboro, commanded by Brigadier-General T. T. Crittenden, of Indiana. The garrison was composed mostly of the Ninth Michigan and Third Minnesota Infantry, and the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry. After some little fighting the troops were surrounded. A mulatto man, who was a servant to one of the officers of the Union forces, was brought to Forrest on horseback. The latter inquired of him, with many oaths, what he was doing there. The mulatto answered that he was a free man, and came out as a servant to an officer, naming the man. Forrest, who was on horseback, deliberately put his hand to his holster, drew his pistol, and blew the man's brains out."

"HUMAN liberty is the only true foundation for human government," is one of the sentiments contained in a letter written by General Grant to the Chamber of Commerce of Memphis, when invited by that body to a complimentary dinner in August, 1863.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

## ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 17, 1868.

NOTICE.—We have no traveling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

## Our Foreign Population.

We publish on another page an interesting article on the Chinese in California, from a promising and valuable periodical, *The Overland Monthly*, just founded in San Francisco. This article illustrates some of the habits and modes of thought of the people of the Flowery Empire, who have established themselves in the Golden State. We hope the same enterprising publication will follow up this subject, and give us a full and impartial view of the results, industrial, social, moral, and financial, that have followed or are likely to follow from the contact—we came near writing collision—of the two great tidal waves of humanity, setting respectively east and west—the representatives of the oldest and the newest civilizations of the globe—on the shores of California. Labor is the basis on which all the superstructures of human greatness are raised, and the foundation-stone of all is manual labor. With all our mechanical appliances, through means of which the iron machine is made to do the work of hundreds or thousands of men or horses, still the demand and cry is for human labor, for the results that flow from the play of human muscles, thews, and sinews, and from the intelligence which, more or less, directs them.

Africa for a long time supplied the demand for the lower kinds of labor which simple agriculture involves; Ireland has since supplied the kind of labor which, in its masculine representatives, was wanted for building railways and canals, for carrying hods, and for voting the Democratic ticket, while in its feminine aspects it undertook to keep our houses clean and cook our food—and all, with a wonderful deficiency of success.

Recently the Chinese have entered themselves as competitors against all comers in the areas of labor. They will dig or cook, sew or plant! They are docile, pliant, apt, thrifty, and with their own benevolencies so well organized and endowed, that there are no beggars and little poverty among them. So far as they have appeared among us—and we speak of California in particular—they have sustained the character of quiet and hard-working, if not thoroughly efficient people. They have done the work of Frenchmen in their restaurants, and that of Irishmen in the defiles and over the crests of the Rocky Mountains on the line of the Pacific railway, and are finding their way into every department of industry. Indeed, it looks as if in California, if not in all the Pacific States, they will soon come to constitute the bulk of the laboring population. Already in Peru they are a large and important class, filling the places of the negroes, zambos, and cholos that before toiled and moiled, tilled in the fields, and cooked in the kitchens. In the city of Truxillo the leading hotel and restaurant is owned and conducted, in all its departments, by Chinese. The engineers of most of the great sugar establishments are Chinese. They are engineers and conductors on railways, and the writer remembers a Chinaman as the clown in a traveling circus, in the interior city of Ayacucho.

The principal reason that may be urged against the anticipation of the Chinese occupying so conspicuous a place in the Pacific States as to drive out, or rather supersede, the Irish and Germans, and confine their emigration to the hither side of the mountains, is the fact that they seldom bring their women with them, and their numbers are only kept up by fresh recruits. It is not, however, impossible, and quite likely that, with new means of communication between China and the United States, and under the closer relations between the two countries which the new treaty is likely to establish, the Chinese may cross the Pacific with a definite purpose of remaining, bringing with them their wives and little ones, their joshes and chopsticks, and raise in our groves the "adorable toms" of nineteenth century ancestors.

On the Atlantic declivity, however, we can neither expect or fear an Oriental irruption. Whether Celt or Teuton originally came from Asia, offshoots from a common family, or otherwise, nothing is more certain than that they are impressed with the strongest contrasting characteristics, and that when they arrive on our shores they adopt or accept entirely different careers. As recently observed by a veteran and very capable observer, Mr. Mansfield, of Cincinnati:

"With very few exceptions the Celt does little to elevate himself. He reads little and studies less. Generally he clings to towns instead of the country. He is a digger of ditches and a maker of railroads. After awhile he shows some thrift, but seldom becomes a tiller of the soil if he can help it; and he is almost as seldom a mechanic. He develops some aptitude for trade, but in the great mass, is a laborer, or dependent on some other person's business."

"On the other hand, the Teuton or German generally gets land, if he can, and cultivates it. He sets up a newspaper and establishes a school at once. He thinks independently. He may be a Roman Catholic, but he will think for himself, and is always prepared to talk common sense. He has no mere gabble. He is imaginative, but not wild. He is brave, but he doesn't want to do any more fighting than is necessary. He is a mechanic by nature, and brings over to this country an aptitude for all kinds of employment. He is neither servile nor fawning, and therefore doesn't take much to menial employments. He insists upon his rights with a pertinacity almost sublime, and believes the Constitution of the United States was made for his special benefit. Hence, he is, from the start, very much of an American; and readily assimilates with Americans."

And to all this Mr. Mansfield might have added, loving the Fatherland with as true a love as the Celt does Ireland, he does not traipse around after a green or any other flag, nor does he organize hostilities on the soil of his adopted land calculated to embroil it with other nations. He does not ask the country of his selection to adopt his prejudices or avenge his ancient wrongs. He is content to be a true citizen and abide by the laws, while strongly protesting against those which abridge individual freedom or limit innocent indulgence. The great fact that a Katrina can command nearly double the wages of Bridget tells the whole story of the comparative status of the Celt and Teuton as emigrants.

Careful estimates show that there are about 1,500,000 native-born Germans in the United States, of which upward of 250,000 are established in the State of New York. Ohio has about 175,000, while the Western States proper have proportionally still more. The relatively new State of Wisconsin has 125,000. In the city of New York we have 120,000. They are largely engaged in commerce, and certain trades. They insist upon drinking beer and keeping gardens, but there is far less evil in these than in American whisky saloons. Of all the abominations in our country, the "saloon" is one of the worst, and the honor of keeping the worst belongs to Americans.

The native-born, or perhaps it would be better to say, the foreign-born Irish in New York city were, in 1860, upward of 200,000; we may estimate them to-day at 250,000. In the country at large they must represent, with their descendants of the first generation, not far from three millions. The Germans number not much less; but the proportion of Germans coming to this country now (and this has been the fact for several years) is greater than that of the Irish, and is increasing annually. The excitable, impulsive, wayward element in our society is therefore decreasing relatively, and should Great Britain ameliorate the condition of Ireland, we may expect an absolute as well as relative falling off in emigration from that country. How far this would be desirable we will not undertake to say; but we have no hesitation in saying that the increase, absolute and relative, in German emigration, is looked upon with true satisfaction by all true Americans.

The population of our country is upward of 37,000,000. Of these there are, approximately, 3,000,000 Germans, 3,000,000 Irish, 1,000,000 of other nationalities (these figures include their immediate descendants), and 4,000,000 negroes, making 11,000,000 not immediately of the true American stock—a proportion of little over one to four. But we may regard the Germans as of the same stock with the original settlers of the country and their descendants, which increases the aggregate of Anglo-American blood.

Yet, with all these diversities of origin, we are substantially a homogeneous people. Happily all the Germans and most of the Irish identify themselves with the country, share

thoroughly its sympathies and aspirations, and are all equally ready to shed their blood in its defense. The negroes know no other country or flag; have no other language than ours; their religion is that we have taught them, and it has been amply demonstrated that they are faithful and patriotic, if not highly educated citizens.

What quota the Oriental nations may contribute to our population, in the future, remains to be seen, but unless all the indications are fallacious, it will be a large and useful one. It is a grand reflection that all races, nationalities, and religions may meet on our soil, and, through the power of our institutions, be moulded into one, if not entirely homogeneous, a thoroughly harmonious whole. There are and will be attritions and slight shocks in the contact, but none that will impair the common fabric. The Indian alone has resisted the power of our civilization; but we have thus far had only to deal with the sturdy savage of our own latitudes. The Indian of Mexico and most parts of South America is cast in a different mould. He is not a nomad; he is addicted to agriculture; he is, or may be, a good mechanic; he is, on the whole, industrious and thrifty, amenable to laws, and accustomed to system in government and religion. Whether he can be assimilated by us is nevertheless doubtful, even if it were desirable; but why shall he not, with our friends of China, become a wheel in our organism, and fill a place in our sphere as harmonious as the planets sustain to the central and invigorating sun, without clash or perturbation? Why not? Human interests in white man and black man, red man and yellow, are the same; human rights are the same; all that is requisite is "equality before the law." No other equality is desirable or necessary. No other can exist.

## The Last of the Bourbons.

WITH the expulsion of Queen Isabella of Spain, the last of the Bourbons has ceased to reign. With her, ends a ruling house more notorious than famous in history, and which in its last representative united all the bigotry, superstition, and gross vices which have characterized the dynasty from its beginning. It was, perhaps, less the scandalous private life of Isabella that brought about the late rapid, complete and almost bloodless revolution, than her insensate opposition to all reforms, and that equally insensate bigotry which sought to commit Spain to the retrograde policy of Rome, and force her into open conflict for obsolete ideas, and in support of obnoxious rulers and tyrants in other States. Isabella will carry with her in her retirement no sympathy from the world, such as consoled the virtuous consort of Louis Philippe; it is doubtful if she will be able to call around her even such semblance of a court as the wretched Bomba commands in Rome. She certainly leaves no party in the Peninsula sufficiently strong to feed the hope of restoration. When she crossed the Spanish frontier, she passed for ever from the land which her government and that of her fathers have thwarted and repressed, so that from being at one time the foremost, it is now the last in the career of national greatness and prosperity.

What will be the effect of this sudden revolution in Europe and in Spain itself cannot be predicted. There is hardly a country on which it would be likely to react except France, and France, under her present ruler, is not likely to share the perturbations of any other State. What the example may effect when Napoleon dies remains to be seen. It is not a good thing for rulers to have the people learn how easily dynasties may be set aside. There is a strong republican sentiment in Spain, which, although not probably strong enough to carry the republic, will, nevertheless, be powerful in making the new constitution as liberal as any in Europe. We anticipate an animated but bloodless struggle between the liberal and ultra-liberal parties, in which the old, reactionary faction will be ground to pieces, and disappear. The result will probably be the union of Spain and Portugal, with the very prudent and popular ruler of the latter country as king.

We are naturally most interested in knowing how this event will be likely to affect the Spanish colonies on this side the Atlantic. Probably in no essential respect. The Captain-General of Cuba, and the army and civil officials under him, will quietly accept the new order of things, and matters will go on much as before. Had this event occurred twenty or even ten years ago, while the revolutionary and republican party in Cuba was organized, with the whole slave South in sympathy, and ready to lend them armed support, the case would have been different. Even now there may be influences at work beneath the surface which the occasion may make manifest. The new government of the Peninsula, whatever may be its form, will stultify itself if it does not meet the expectations of the world in vindicating its principles by abolishing slavery. That seems to be an event that must follow logically from the pres-



ent revolution, which has Progress and Reform inscribed on its banners. Should this grand step be taken in consonance with the tendencies and spirit, not to say requirements, of the age, it will be impossible to foreshadow the effect in Cuba. In any event, Spain may be sure that the United States cannot tolerate a slave dominion or province anywhere on its borders, and one of the first "difficulties" with which the new government will be called on to grapple will be that of slavery in Cuba. We do not doubt it will be solved in the interests of humanity.

Certainly every American will look with interest and hope to the future of Spain, so glorious in her traditions; and no nation on earth will see her great and prosperous with more satisfaction than the United States.

### Matters and Things.

It is a prevalent error that Germany under Bismarck has become the peer of France, under Napoleon, in respect of strength. Her area is less than that of France by a fifth, the figures being 7,583 German square miles against 9,850, her population by seven millions, or nearly a million and a half of arms-bearing men. France in 1868 had 33,000,000, while North Germany in 1864 had only 29,250,000. It is true that in very great areas is not of much importance, and that Berlin is 260 miles from the French frontier, while Paris is only 130 miles from that of Prussia. It is also true that population in Prussia augments at the rate of two-and-a-fourth per cent. per annum, doubling in little more than forty years, while that of France is stationary; but we are speaking not of the future, but the present.—We have assurances from the spot that the rebellion in Crete gains ground. The islanders have managed to place their families in safety, and are fighting more determinedly than ever, while the Turks are slowly losing heart. The losses of last year in their ranks have not been made good, while Hussein Pasha, whether under orders or from want of force, is pursuing a much more cautious policy. In Spahia the ruined villages are now guarded by armed men, unnumbered with women and children, and of a temper which makes compromise almost hopeless. The Greek volunteers, however, have retired, and the islanders still suffer for want of medical aid, medicines, and surgical appliances.—The London *Saturday Review* says: "No man need be ashamed of having fought by the side of General Lee in one of the most gallant struggles recorded in history, but good taste and prudence would suggest to a Southern General that within five years after the termination of the war he could scarcely take a prominent part in the political conflicts of the Union."—Avoid bathing within two hours after a meal. Avoid bathing when exhausted by fatigue or from any other cause. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after perspiration; but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the water. Avoid chilling the body by sitting or standing naked on the banks or in boats after having been in the water. Avoid remaining too long in the water; leave the water immediately there is the slightest feeling of chilliness. Avoid bathing altogether in the open air, if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness, with numbness of the hands and feet. The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young, and those that are weak, had better bathe three hours after a meal; the best time for such is from two to three hours after breakfast. Those who are subject to attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suffer from palpitation and other sense of discomfort at the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical adviser.

If woman has attained the highest honors upon the dramatic and lyric stage, why shall the sex not be equally successful with the pencil and the sculptor's chisel? Within the present generation several American ladies have earned the attention of the artistic world for their talents in painting and sculpture, and the development of those gifts that our fair countrywomen possess is simply a question of study and application. Louis Lang, we are glad to hear, will open his rooms again on the 1st of November, as an Art Institute for Ladies, and his efforts have been so successful in the past, that we are sure they will be rewarded in the future. The tuition will embrace painting, drawing, and modeling in clay from plaster casts, and the ladies who attend will find the study as pleasant as it is useful. All the best artists of this country have attested over their signatures Mr. Lang's qualifications as an Art Instructor, and commend his school, as we do, to those who desire to obtain a knowledge of the principles and practice of painting and modeling.

The London *Athenaeum*, in a review, on the whole favorable, of Mr. Edward Howland's book, "Grant as a Soldier and Statesman," says: "We have no intention of entering into the field of American politics, and so we will not discuss Grant as a statesman; only we would point out one feature that strikes us with peculiar pleasure—his tolerance of adverse opinions. From the time when he entered Paducah as a brigadier of volunteers, in 1861, and issued a proclamation, in which he said, 'I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors,' on through his generous treatment of Lee and the Confederate army at their final surrender, his conduct might have taught a lesson of tolerance, of which his biographer has been slow to avail himself. Neither can we leave the subject without a tribute of approval to Grant's conduct in the matter of the Secretaryship of War. His public acceptance of

the office without a sign of objection, in obedience to the supreme authority, and his private remonstrance to the President against the removal of Stanton, show a clear knowledge of the true path of duty; while his short and courteous letter to Stanton shows equally the kindness of his heart."

The following compact paragraph does credit to the "Minor Topic," of the New York *Times*: "We have never heard of Mr. A. T. Stewart delivering an 'eloquent speech,' though he is the ablest and most successful manager in his line of business in this city. We have never known Cornelius Vanderbilt to spread himself in a 'splendid oration,' and yet he is first and foremost among the great railway managers of America. We could name a score of the other greatest directors of practical affairs in the country, who are utterly incapable of great speeches, or brilliant harangues, or logical appeals, or thrilling buncombe. General Grant is by no means the only man of high genius and great power, and large practical ability, who would fail as a rival of the eloquent orators, who can be found at any street corner with their hands in their breeches pockets."

The New York *Times* truly remarks that, "At this moment, the only danger to the public credit is that which arises from the avowed purposes of the Democratic party. The promulgation of the New York platform excited an uneasiness abroad which only belief in the assured success of Grant restrains." Were it not for this belief, our securities would depreciate out of sight, and gold go up among the two hundreds.

### "NO THOROUGHFARE."

WHATEVER the charms of the Irish drama may be, it would seem that Mr. Florence has at last tired of them. However strongly the rollicking, devil-may-care farce and genuine pathos of Paddy may ordinarily fasten upon the fancy and feeling of his representatives, one of them has suddenly placed them behind him. After a lengthy flirtation with all sorts of other characters, varying from the drunken buffoonery of *Toodles* and the eccentric comedy of *Captain Cuttle* to the graver intention of *Hawthorne*, he has at last come out in the shape and fashion of a dramatist, and, in giving us a translation of his own version of a part in the story of "No Thoroughfare," has most successfully walked into the graver business of the stage.

Last week he produced, for the first time, upon the stage of the Broadway Theatre, and under the management of his brother-in-law, Barney Williams, a dramatization of his own from the Christmas story by Messrs. Dickens and Collins, founded upon the French play "L'Abime."

It was, most emphatically, a complete success, although its length—on its first representation, it approached too closely for our general theatrical habits, upon midnight—has been, since its first night, somewhat reduced in compliance with popular demand.

During the recent visit of Mr. and Mrs. Florence to Europe, considering the amount of ground they ran over, from Paris to Chamouney, and from St. Paul's to St. Peter's, it might not unreasonably have been supposed that he would have thought but little of his profession. We might scarcely have imagined that he would have occupied himself in rivaling so clever a theatrical tailor as the accomplished Bourgeois, and in stitching together such a deft piece of workmanship as his version of "No Thoroughfare." It may be true that he has availed himself with a liberal hand of the labors of the French snips who cut out "L'Abime," but in doing so he has merely followed the example of his English predecessor in the art of dramatic appropriation, and has done so with an ability in no way inferior, if it is remembered that, in spite of some little bungling, the tableaux at the end of each act were redemanded by the audience, who followed the action throughout with the liveliest attention, and rewarded them and it with the warmest and most genuine applause. But not merely had Mr. Florence occupied himself with his theatrical scissors and needle, in the fashioning a good piece for the American stage, but he had also measured himself for a new suit of dramatic clothes, which, as they were in an almost entirely new fashion for his figure, demand as much admiration for his judgment as they do for his audacity. They consisted in the character of Mr. Obermeister, who is about as thoroughly a melodramatic scoundrel as any of the stage rascals with whom we have recently made acquaintance. We have not space enough at our disposal, minutely to criticize his "heavy business" to which the actor alluded in his brief and modest speech at the close of the drama. However, we can honestly compliment him. It is very rarely that we can at the same time speak with so little qualification in our praise of one man as actor and dramatist. The piece was admirably placed upon the stage, doing great credit to the liberality of the management and the careful supervision of Mr. Moore, nor ought Miss Newton, as the heroine, to be allowed to pass without a word of compliment, which might indeed be extended to most of the artists.

At Wood's Museum, an English Burlesque company has, during the same week, succeeded Maggie Mitchell. They rendered "Idiot," and embodied a charming figure and a gracious voice named Lydia Thompson to ensnare the hearts of younger New York.

In the present week the season has commenced at the Theatre Francaise with "La Grande Duchesse," which introduces to us Mlle. Rose Bad, Mlle. Fontanel, and Mlle. Carrier, Boufflers, Gok, Genot, Bourgeois, and Mussey. Fanny Janauschek reappears at the Academy of Music for a series of eight performances. Irma and Anjou and the rest of Bateman's capital company abandon Niblo's Garden and the "Barbe Bleue," and Gayler's new piece, "Out of the Streets," has made its first appearance before a New York audience.

Next week, we understand that our greatest actor, Edwin Forrest, returns to us for a brief space.

While our old friend, Mark Smith, commences a star engagement at Pittsburgh, in Pennsylvania.

Who will say that the Fall season has not completely begun?

### ART GOSSIP.

It has been decided not to open the second exhibition of the Society of American Painters in Water Colors before the middle of next January.

Mr. F. Rondel has just opened a "Studio for Ladies" at No. 31 Union Square. The large collection of careful studies from nature accumulated by Mr. Rondel offer a great advantage to students, and it is a part of his system, besides, to instruct them in sketching from natural subjects in the field. In the studio of this artist we have lately seen a number of interesting pictures in oil and in water-colors, some of which will doubtless make their appearance at the various exhibitions to be opened in the course of the approaching winter.

Mr. Whittredge has returned from his summer so-

journ in Pennsylvania and elsewhere, and is now at his studio, 51 West Tenth street.

The winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design will open on Tuesday, November 24th.

Several charming fancies are now to be seen in the studio of Mr. J. G. Brown, who has lately returned from an excursion to some of the mountain districts. The picture on which Mr. Brown is now at work represents a woodland scene, with a little girl reclining upon a rock. The leading effect of the picture is the centralization of sunlight gleaming through the foliage, and touching the figure of the girl with its radiance. Mr. Brown will have several pictures in readiness for the winter exhibition of the Academy.

Notwithstanding his protracted rambling over the eastern hemisphere, Mr. F. E. Church still clings with fond tenacity to his reminiscences of the gorgeous scenery of the southern division of this one. There is now to be seen at Goupil's a picture of South American scenery, painted by him in Europe, and recently arrived here. The time is near twilight, with masses of dark red clouds floating above the horizon. Mountains and valleys reach into a misty distance, and the foreground reveals a vast amount of tropical vegetation, touched in with that crispness and deft manipulation of detail in which Mr. Church is equaled by few artists.

In the same gallery a new picture, by Mr. A. Bierstadt, is now on view. It represents evening on a reach of the Rhine, and may have been suggested by Up-land's

"And the evening, bright as ever,  
Shines on rain, rock, and river."

There is a fine feeling of solemity throughout this picture, the general tone of which, however, is somewhat leaden. One of the best points in it is the clump of black pines in the foreground, standing out strongly against the flushed sky.

### The Grand Mass Convention of Soldiers and Sailors at Philadelphia, Pa.—The Reception by the Mayor, October 1st—The Grand Torchlight Procession, October 2d.

THE soldiers and sailors of the Union, having well done their duty in war for the preservation of the integrity of the Republic, are no less determined to complete the triumph achieved by their valor, by sustaining the Republican cause in the political contest now being waged for the Presidency. With the same alacrity with which they responded to the battle signal, they rallied at the call for the great Mass Convention at Philadelphia, and from all parts of the country the Boys in Blue assembled in the City of Brotherly Love to attest by their presence their earnest devotion to the chief of the Federal armies, in his character as a candidate for the Executive chair. We do not propose to describe in detail that mighty gathering of heroes, which has already been reported in full in the columns of the daily journals.

Our illustrations will convey to the public mind what ever idea of the grandeur and inspiring attributes of the occasion that written descriptions may have failed to give. The city overflowing with strangers, the flags waving from housetops, and festooned along the crowded thoroughfares, the decorations displayed, the innumerable banners with quaint and patriotic devices, the mottoes traced in brilliant jets of gas, and the glare of many thousand torches by night, lighting up the hopeful, earnest faces of war-worn legions, formed a spectacle that more eloquently than the words of orators told its tale of Republican victory in November.

The first day's demonstration was marked by the assembling of the hosts of veterans on Independence Square, when they were welcomed by the Mayor of Philadelphia, Morton McMichael, in a stirring address. General Barium, of the National Committee, responded to the Mayor, in language equally patriotic and inspiring. In the evening, the meeting reassembled on the square, which, with its blaze of gaslights, its display of bunting, and its throngs of patriots, presented a magnificent appearance. There, from the different stands, many of the popular chieftains addressed the men whom they had led to victory. The meeting was organized by the choice of General Burnside as president. Among other brilliant orators, General Kilpatrick spoke, and in the course of his remarks, said:

All of you remember those proud and happy days when the heroes of Georgia and the Carolinas had joined the Boys in Blue around Grant below the Potomac, and with colors flying and drums beating all came marching home across the hills and valleys of Virginia, keeping step to the sweet music of the Union; and we thought when marching down Pennsylvania avenue—down before the future residence of Ulysses S. Grant (cheers)—when we had received the greeting of ten thousand of our fellow citizens and had returned to our homes—that the war had ceased; but we were mistaken. The same foe, with the same leaders North and South, is now arrayed against us, and the question now arises, will you, fellow citizens, have Horatio Seymour or General Grant for your next President? [Cries for Grant.] Will you have the stars taken from off the shoulders of the great Sherman, and placed upon the traitor, Lee? [Cries of "No."] Will you have the man huns Forrester take the place of the dashing and gallant little Phil Sheridan? [No, no.] No, my fellow citizens; we have met here to-day to take into consideration how this great evil may be prevented. We have a duty to perform as great as that for which we fought during the war—that we must place men in power and position whom all know will be true to those great principles for which we fought and crushed the rebellion. Not only that, they must be true to the interests of the widows and orphans of our comrades who have gone, and whose spirits in heaven look down with approbation upon the acts of their comrades who are assembled here to-day. Can I—can you, fellow-soldiers—can you, General Burnside—stand timidly and cowardly by and see the Union and liberty destroyed for ever? We are to-day—[A voice in the crowd—Let us charge them!] I wish to God that we could make a charge. I just wish that Robert E. Lee, Horatio Seymour, and that scoundrel and traitor, Frank P. Blair—[cheers]—were here to-day. With this crowd alone, we would put liberty and union in the balance against them and treason.

Governor Curtin was called for, when he said:

I will not speak to you, my fellow-citizens, because this is a soldiers' meeting. I was not a soldier.

During the evening a large number of speeches were made from the different stands. The meeting adjourned at an early hour to proceed to the Union League House, where a serenade was given and several addresses were made. The throngs of strangers then dispersed to their quarters, to be ready for the demonstrations of the next day.

The demonstrations of Friday, October 2d, were of the most enthusiastic character possible. At an early hour in the morning a quarter of a million of citizens left their homes to witness the grand procession of the "Boys in Blue."

Never on any previous occasion did such a quantity of gay and tasteful bunting ripple in the gentle breeze of the Quaker City. Banners were suspended across the street, and here and there appropriate mottoes, emblems, and other festive articles, greeted the upturned gaze.

Old Independence Hall was literally swarming with visitors of all classes, ages and conditions, from the hoary patriarch to the rising sprouts of Young America.

The steps were impassable, and not a few were reminded of the multitude who, in 1776, surrounded the building, earnestly awaiting the result of the great deliberations which took place within its hallowed walls.

The Union League Club House, like a handsome fortification, was crowded to the roof. The view was excellent, and favored ones were early in securing the best places. When the procession was passing, no building in the city looked to better advantage.

The route of the procession was lined at every turn. The interest of the start was concentrated in North Broad street, and had it been treble as wide, it would have given but slight relief to the heated human beings that had become chained within its impassable limits. Shortly before eleven o'clock the different divisions, which had been formed on the side streets, extending from Coates street to Girard avenue, drew up in Broad street and prepared to march. At length, everything being in readiness, the procession moved off amid enthusiastic cheers and the roll of many drums.

In the line, in carriages, were Governor Geary, ex-Governor Curtin, General A. M. Burnside, General D. E. Sickles, General H. A. Barnum, General J. Kilpatrick, Governor Pierpont, of Virginia, Governor Fairchild, General A. Pleasanton, General Crawford and other distinguished gentlemen.

The enthusiasm and excitement of the day culminated in the evening with a grand mass meeting at the Union League House, and a most imposing torchlight procession.

The League House was brilliantly illuminated by many sparkling jets, and among the dazzling inscriptions in conspicuous places, were, "Grant and Colfax," "Lincoln," "Farragut," "Meade," "Geary," and in the centre, "Welcome to the Boys in Blue," and some neatly executed devices. Of the numbers who attended the meeting it would be difficult to form a correct estimate, but certainly not less than 50,000 persons congregated in Broad street.

The meeting was called to order by Colonel J. W. Forney, who made a few brief and stirring remarks, and then introduced Governor John W. Geary, who was followed by other distinguished speakers.

The speaking was kept up until nearly midnight, and the crowd nearly exhausted the stock of speech-makers on hand. General Sickles, Senator Harlan, Governor Salmon, of Wisconsin, Governor Ward, of New Jersey, General Kilpatrick, General King, and others, did good service, by the words of loyalty that fell from their lips.

The great torchlight procession was a magnificent demonstration, and formed a fitting conclusion to the programme of the Convention. Nearly all the Republican organizations of Philadelphia and the surrounding towns, numbering 100 and over, comprising Grant and Colfax Clubs, Tamers' Clubs, English and German Campaign Clubs, Elephant Clubs, and Invincibles, joined in the demonstration.

The procession was over six miles in length, and occupied an hour and a half in passing a given point, with eight abreast and a rapid gait. It is estimated that there were over 10,000 torches in the procession, and it is worthy of remark that no disturbance of any kind occurred.

### The Cannstatter Volksfest, at Landman's Park, N. Y., September 29.

THE festival, of which one of the most attractive features is represented on our front page, is in celebration of the anniversary of an Agricultural Fair established by King William I., of Wurtemberg, fifty years ago. The festival demonstrations commence on the 28th of September and conclude on the 30th. During those three days, at Cannstadt, in Wurtemberg, the people devote themselves to sport and merriment, and, for the last six years, their countrymen in this city have carried out the custom of the Fatherland. The exercises are of the most entertaining character, including dancing, target-shooting, comic entertainments, and processions illustrating events in the history of Wurtemberg.

The arrangements at Landman's Park, in New York City, where, on this occasion, the festival was held, were complete, and excellent in taste. A column in honor of Agriculture was erected on the grounds, and presented a most attractive appearance. It was composed entirely of fruit and vegetables, artistically combined, the shaft being covered with red apples, with spiral cross lines of yellow apples, and rings of yellow squashes at top and bottom. Enormous pumpkins, watermelons, cabbages, and other products of the vegetable kingdom, formed the pedestal, while, at the summit of the shaft, a capital, composed of ears of golden corn and purple grapes, adorned the graceful monument.

The exercises of the second day were the most attractive. In the afternoon a grand historical procession, illustrating the triumphal return from banishment of the Duke Ulrich to the capital of Wurtemberg, in 1617, marched around the Park. This procession, with its quaint show of medieval costumes, weapons and banners, moved in the following order:

Two heralds of the Stuttgart citizens, music, women and maids with the colors of the company, children bearing flowers and the keys of the city archives, burgomaster and his staff, Dr. Kalinust, Chancellor of the Empire, Ambrosius Volant, wine-gardeners with their implements, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, butchers, and vintners, a duke with his suite and soldiers, heralds, women, flag-carriers, pipers, lancets, and finally the Duke Ulrich on a horse, with two bulldogs, knights, and retinue.

The officers of the Association are:

President—G. B. Weigle.

Vice-President—J. Butschard.

Secretary—B. Schmittbauer.

Financial Secretary—G. Hengstler.

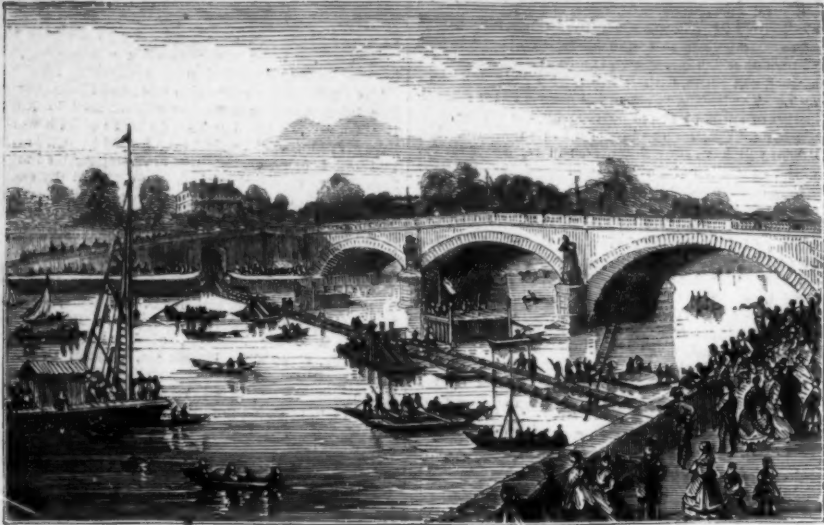
Treasurer—C. Wochrie.

### The Demonstration in Welcome of General George B. McClellan—The Serenade at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City.

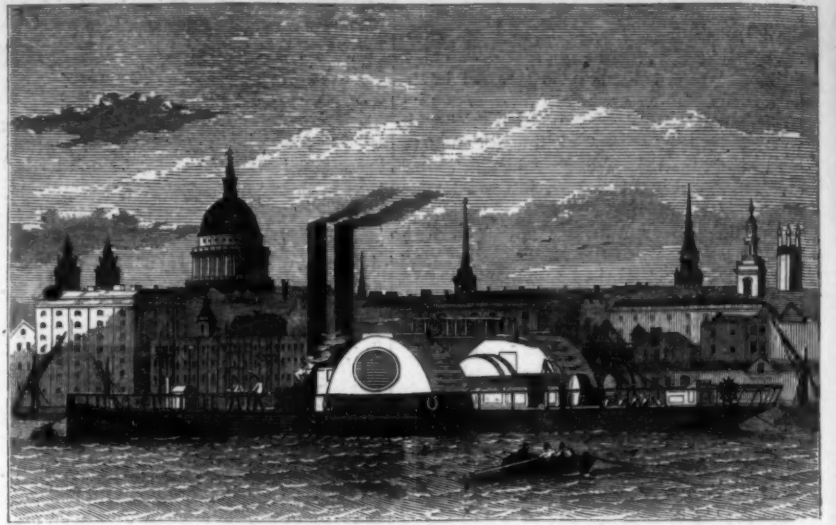
VERY earnest, let us say enthusiastically, was the demonstration in New York City on the 2nd of October, in welcome of General George B. McClellan, who arrived in the City, after a prolonged visit to Europe. The General was complimented by a serenade and marching review at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to which, in compliance with repeated calls, he gracefully responded in a speech of thanks. The torchlight procession was a grand and imposing spectacle, the McClellan Legion parading in uniform, with white caps and belts, and presenting a fine appearance. General J. H. Hobart Ward acted as Grand Marshal, and was very successful in managing the features of the affair. Judging from the number that assembled to do honor to the occasion, and from the cheers and applause that greeted the recipient of the oration, the General has lost none of his popularity in the metropolis.



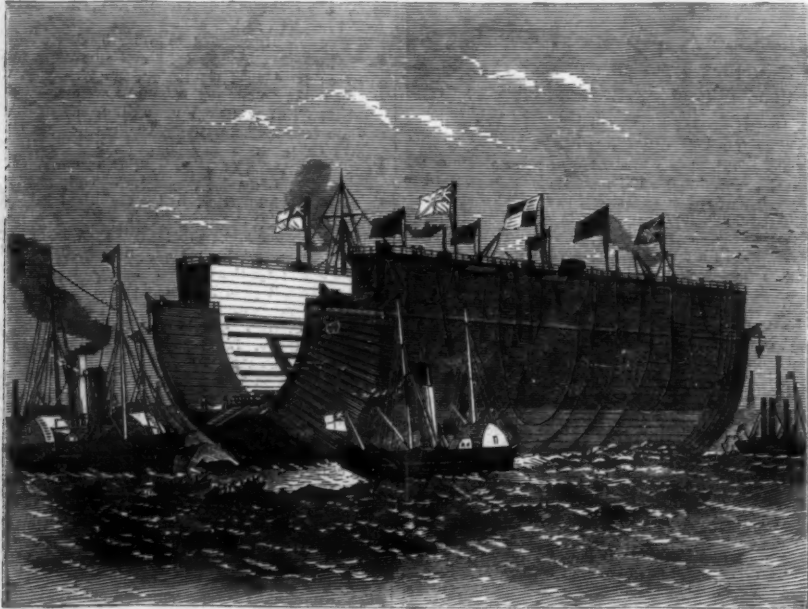
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 69.



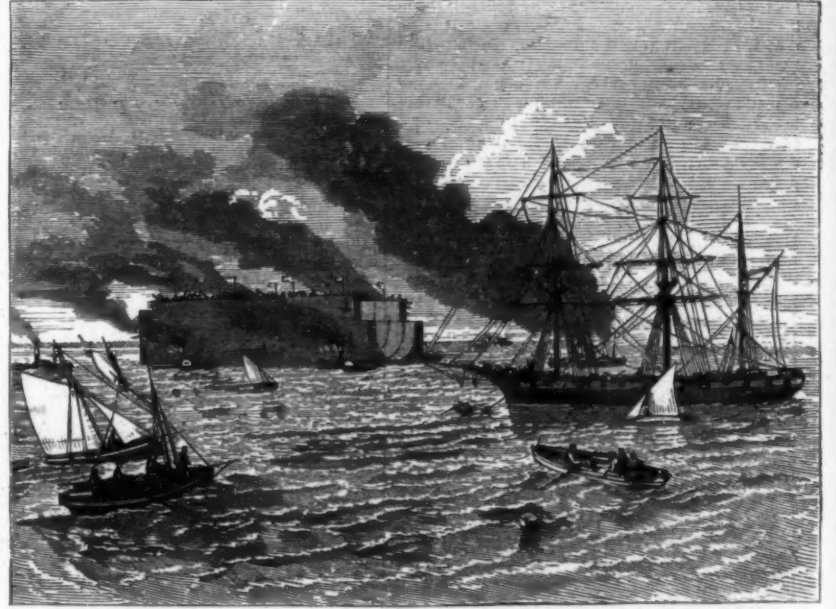
THE DRAINAGE OF PARIS—FIXING SYPHONS, TO CONNECT THE TWO BANKS OF THE SEINE.



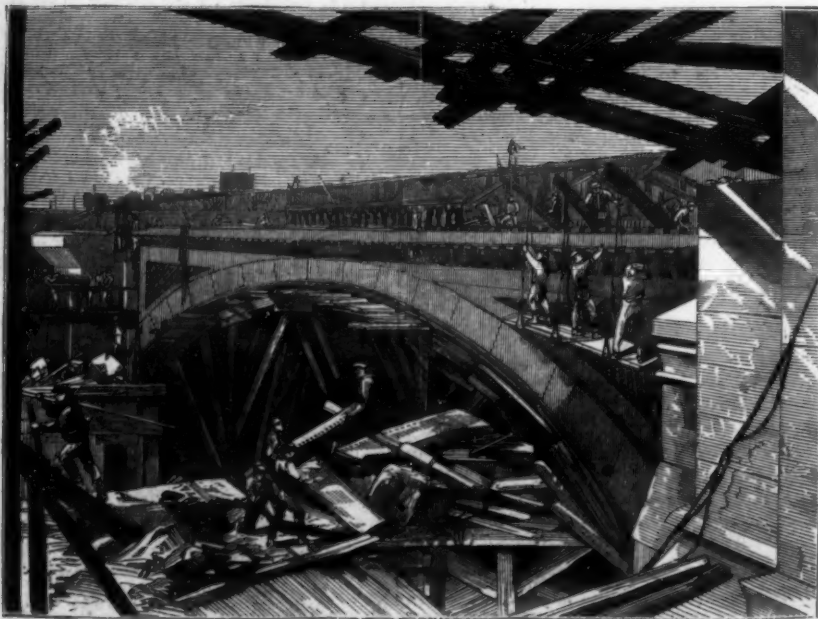
NEW FLOATING FIRE ENGINE ON THE THAMES, ENGLAND



LAUNCH OF THE BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK, AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.



THE BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK PASSING GRAVESEND, ON ITS WAY TO SHEERNESS, ENGLAND.



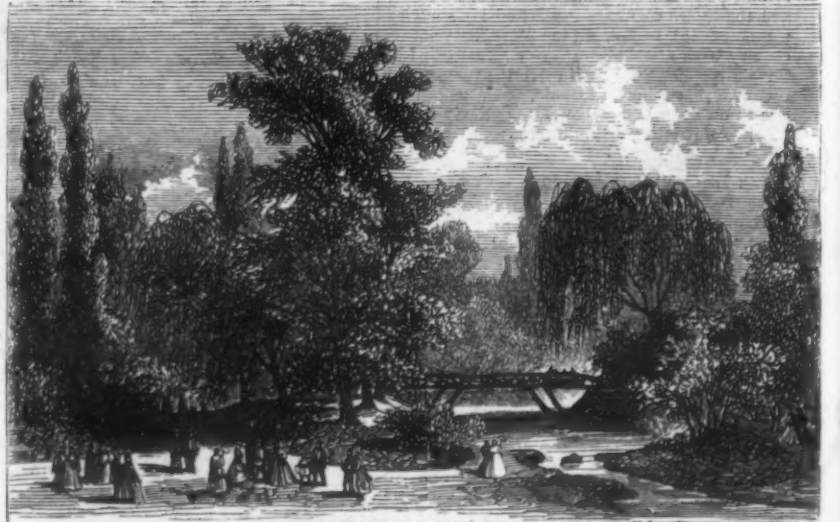
WORKS AT THE NEW BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE ANNUAL FAIR, ROTTERDAM, HOLLAND.



THE VENTAGE, ISLE OF CYPRUS.



THE PROMENADE SAINT-ROCHE, HAVRE, FRANCE.





DEDICATION OF THE REPUBLICAN WIGWAM, AT JERSEY CITY, N. J., SEPTEMBER 30TH—SEE PAGE 71.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

##### The Drainage of Paris—Fixing Water Syphons, to Connect the Two Banks of the Seine.

With all the improvements that have been effected in Paris during the past few years, the drainage of the city has been liberally provided for. Nearly eight years and something like three millions of francs have already been spent on the operations, and above two hundred miles of sewerage are nearly completed. The drainage of the south side is carried under the Seine, by an enormous syphon, to join that of the north side in a great collector which carries off the refuse to Asnières. Our engraving represents the construction of another sy-

phon of extinguishing any conflagration that may break out in the warehouses, on the wharves, in the docks, or in the shipping on the Thames. The vessel has a speed of twelve miles an hour.

##### Launch of the Bermuda Floating Dock, at North Woolwich, England—The Bermuda Floating Dock Passing Gravesend, on its Way to Sheerness, England.

The English Board of Admiralty having examined several of the iron floating docks—or, to use a technical term, ship-lifters—which have recently been constructed in England for use in foreign ports, determined to provide a similar accommodation at Bermuda especially for the purpose of cleaning the bottoms of the vessels attached to the West Indian Squadron. Accordingly, a dock was built at North Woolwich, 381 feet in length, 123 feet 9 inches in extreme breadth, and a total depth of 74 feet 5 inches, being the largest floating dock ever constructed. The dock is fitted with four steam-engines and pumps on each side, which are employed to empty and fill, alternately, the load and air chambers. The weight of the dock is over ten thousand tons. On Thursday, September 3rd, the huge structure was launched, and the following day safely removed to Sheerness, the English naval port, being towed by eight powerful tugs.

##### Works at the New Blackfriars Bridge, London, England.

The new Blackfriars Bridge, London, was commenced a little over two years ago, and, judging from the rapidity with which the work has advanced, it will probably be completed and thrown open to the public before the close of the present year. Already the four massive piers have been finished, and two of the iron arches have been placed in their proper position. At the present time the Westminster Bridge enjoys the reputation of being the handsomest structure of its kind in Europe, but, when completed, the new Blackfriars Bridge will far exceed it in public convenience, beauty of design, and artistic finish. The whole outlay on the bridge will amount to at least £320,000, or about \$4 to each superficial foot.

##### Vintage in the Isle of Cyprus.

The wine of Cyprus, like the Falernian wine, has passed to the classical condition, and poets write of it more than epicures drink of it. Still, it is of excellent quality, and would doubtless be a more popular beverage were it not for the exorbitant export duties imposed by the Turkish Government. Our engraving represents a Cyprian vintage, and shows that the wine-growers of that classic land retain a Homeric simplicity, and probably gather their grapes and make their wine very much in the same manner as did their ancestors of two thousand years ago.

##### The Annual Fair, Rotterdam, Holland.

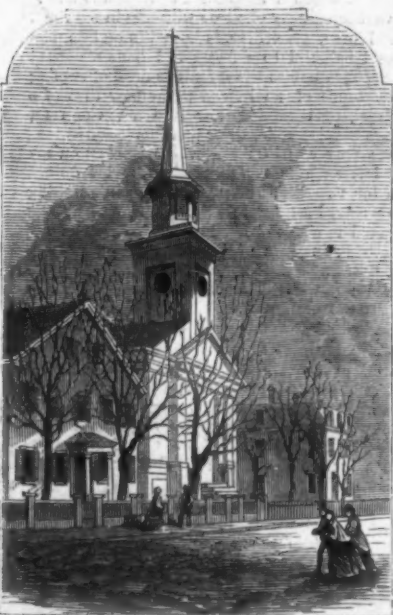
The holiday scenes in Rotterdam, Holland, at the annual fairs in that city, are truly animated. The entire populace, abstaining from all customary labor, pour out from the narrow streets into the broad avenues and market-places, and indulge in the utmost hilarity. At the Groot Market, the assemblage is very large during the entire day. There the denizens take positions pretty much as we do on Broadway, watching each other closely, and gathering all the news of the suburban villages possible. The earnest conversations of plain, mercantile gentlemen, the giggling, rollicking gossip of fair maidens, the noisy prattle of little children, the harsh clamor of fruit-vendors, and the indi-

crous antics of merry-andrews, are all characteristics of these fair days.

##### The Promenade Saint-Roch, on the Site of the Old Cemetery, Havre, France.

In Havre, as in Paris, the work of embellishment has progressed under the Napoleonic way. Our engraving shows the beautiful Square Saint-Roch, established on the old cemetery of that name. The ruins

that have been preserved, the tall poplars, the green foliage that shades the lawns and flower gardens, give it a picturesque appearance, heightened by the lake, the cascade, and the rustic bridge. It was impossible to make better use of that ancient home of the dead, that could not with decency have been relinquished to speculation or for building purposes, and that, as the resting-place of generations of the townspeople, is less desecrated by being turned into a public promenade.



THE TABERNAACLE MISSION CHURCH, HUGGLES STREET, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 71.

phon across the river, the locality being the bridge of the Alma, one of the most attractive of the twenty-seven bridges that now span the Seine. The two cylinders forming the syphon are not unlike cast-iron boilers, being made of strong iron plates, fastened with stout rivets, each plate forming a ring.

##### New Floating Fire Engine.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade of London has recently provided itself with a naval force in the harbor, in the shape of a very powerful floating fire-engine. This vessel is to be stationed at Southwark Bridge, where she will be instantly available for the purpose



MISS FANNY JANAUŠKE, TRAGEDIENNE.—SEE PAGE 71.



## THE FATHER AT THE HELM.

BALTIMORE, Md., Sept. 29, 1868.

MR. LESLIE—DEAR SIR: The enclosed little poem, which may not be worthy of publication, was "struck off" upon reading an incident in the *Daily Saratogian*, where, in referring to the marriage of your second son, it says: "After the wedding-breakfast the bridal party made a tour of the lake in a little steamer chartered for the occasion. Mr. Frank Leslie took the helm, remarking that he was attempting to pilot the young couple on their first voyage of life." I thought it so suggestive and beautiful, that I wrote the lines. Please accept them, if they merit it, as a slight tribute of kind feeling for one who has piloted so many happy hearts through the calm and stormy waves of literature.

Very truly yours, MARY A. DENKISON.

I'll pilot them; oh, golden day,  
Could I command thy bloom alway,  
Thy sunny skies, thy balmy breeze,  
And summer waves as calm as these,  
And thus stand guiding at the helm,  
I'd make life beautiful for them.

I'll pilot them; to-morrow they  
May take the helm—'tis mine to-day;  
Mine, as, when nestling on my knee,  
My boy was all the world to me;  
Now, manhood claims him; by his side  
I hail a daughter, he, a bride.

I'll pilot them to yonder shore,  
And then the right is mine no more;  
A steadier hand, a keener eye,  
Shall guide them rocks and quicksands by;  
God at the helm! So, safe their way;  
May theirs be many a golden day!

## VIERGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

## VII.

On the same day that Marulas paid me his visit, I was expecting two young men, of the name Savenay, at Chazol, who were to come for a week's hunting. I was by no means sorry for this diversion from the events which had occupied me, in spite of myself, for several days past. I began to get tired of the isolation in which I lived. It would have been impossible for me to find two better companions, and their arrival was a real relief to me.

It was an excellent opportunity for trying my new crew (as I call the servants of my chateau). Of course there was some disorder, and the discipline was not yet of the best, but, nevertheless, we had two or three days of capital sport. Several dinners followed, to which I invited some of my neighbors, old friends of my father's, whom I had hitherto neglected, and by this means re-established myself in their good graces.

All these things occupied me so much that I had no time to think over the events which had disturbed my quietude.

One morning we were all seated in the veranda, reading our letters and the papers, when Toby, my valet, made his appearance in that peculiar manner which you must remember, and which is suggestive of some terrible catastrophe having occurred.

He whispered to me that Viergie wished to speak to me.

"Ah! ah!" said Etienne Savenay, with a malicious smile; "is not Viergie that pretty girl of whom Maureon was speaking the other day?"

"Yes," I returned; "but there is nothing to be so mysterious about. It is Viergie—that is all!"

"Well! let's see her," cried Albert.

Not wishing to arouse their suspicion by making any mystery of the young girl's appearance, I told Toby to bring her in. In a moment or two he returned, accompanied by Viergie.

She carried a basket on her head, upheld by her bare arm. She walked with a light step over the gravel, her white dress slightly raised on one side.

"By Jove, old fellow, that girl is a perfect nymph!" exclaimed Etienne. "What beauty! What an undulating figure!"

She came close to us, but, intimidated by the presence of the two strangers, she put down her basket.

"Here is some fruit from our orchard, which I was told to bring you," said she, blushing slightly, and at the same time lowering her lovely eyes, and smiling with such sweet, modest grace, that Albert and Etienne rose instinctively and stood in the presence of this strange peasant girl.

Although I had been both astonished and displeased at Mr. Marulas's familiarity, I received Viergie with cordiality, reserving to myself the right to discourage the friendship her father was inclined to inflict upon me. After a few minutes' conversation on indifferent subjects, which the poor girl's embarrassment and my friends' glances of astonishment at the purity of her speech made me abridge, I dismissed her. I accompanied her, while retiring, as far as the end of the veranda.

"I wanted to speak to you," said she, in a hesitating manner. "Perhaps you would not mind walking with me as far as the gate."

The emotion she evinced on uttering those words made me suspect some trick on the part of Marulas. I followed her, and when we were in the avenue, perceiving she was silent, I said:

"Speak now, my good girl; you know that I am your friend."

"I know it," she replied, in a serious tone; "but what I have to say to you embarrasses me very much, and I dare not tell you."

I encouraged her by laughing, for the purpose of removing all gravity from her confidence. At last she grew bolder.

"Yes, I must tell you," said she, in a decided tone, "only please do not look at me while I speak, or I shall not dare."

"Never mind!" I returned. "Is it then so difficult to tell?"

"It seems so to me."

"Then I promise not to look at you."

She heaved a deep sigh, and seeing that I remained with my eyes fixed before me, she said:

"I must first inform you that on the day you brought money to us, mother immediately wrote to father, who arrived the next day. It seems they had a quarrel on my account, he insisting upon something which mother would not agree to. He then took part of the money and made me accompany him to Aix, to buy me some clothes; we afterward came here to thank you."

"There is nothing very terrible in all this," said I, in a gay tone.

"Oh! I confess it made me very happy that you should see me in my new clothes," she answered, innocently; "but it seems you thought they did not become me, so that I displeased you in some way, for on returning home, father was furious with me and beat me."

"Beat you!"

"Perhaps it was on your account; besides I am accustomed to blows, and it is not they that make me uneasy."

"What is it then?" I asked, perceiving that she paused.

"Well, then," she resumed, with an effort, "since then, he speaks of taking me to Marseilles where he knows some rich people, who will have me taught singing. Mother refuses to let me go, and I don't want to go with him alone."

"You are afraid of him, then?" I asked.

"He is the only one in the world that I am afraid of," she replied, in a frightened tone.

"Therefore you come to me to ask me to protect you from him?"

"You could not do it," she replied, quickly. "You don't know what he is; but I fancy from what he said to mother, that if you would—"

"If I would what?" said I, noticing that she hesitated again.

"Well," said she, in a scarcely intelligible tone, "if you would admit me into your chateau, I don't think he would take me away."

"What! take you in here—into my house?" She bent her eyes to the ground, blushing and confused when she saw my look of surprise.

"I know it is a difficult matter," she stammered, turning half round, "but you have other servants, you know."

A sudden suspicion crossed my mind.

"Viergie," said I, looking her straight in the face, "it was your father—was it not—who sent you here to tell me all this?"

She hesitated a moment.

"Well, yes," she said; "it was he; but I should have done the same thing myself. Besides, I speak differently from what he told me."

"Why so?"

"Because, he said things that I didn't exactly understand, but which I do not think it right to repeat."

After this singular reply, I determined to try and fathom this strange girl.

"Why do you think it would not be right for you to repeat them," I asked, "if you did not understand their meaning?"

"I distrust him!" she replied, quickly, and then she added in a low tone, "I have read books enough to guess what is not right."

I really felt pity at the poor girl's confusion, which accompanied this answer. So bold, yet so artless. But I do not know what suspicious feeling it was that made me wish to pierce this singular mixture of innocence and boldness.

"Then," said I, "if you judge that your presence in my house is not proper, why do you ask me to admit you?"

On hearing these words, she made a gesture of discouragement, and glancing sadly at me, I saw that her eyes were suffused with tears.

"You also tease me," said she, in a tone of reproach. "Well!" she resumed, with bitter vehemence, "I came to you because I have had enough of beatings, and I would rather submit to anything than go with him. What do you suppose will become of me? I have no one to defend me? I thought of you because—because I thought you were good—because, in fact, I was afraid. You cannot protect me; so much the worse for me. He will take me away with him—that's all."

"No, no," I exclaimed, stopping her as she was about to leave me. "You may trust to me, Viergie; I will not forsake you in your trouble."

At these words she glanced doubtfully at me, as if she thought she must be mistaken as to my meaning.

"Really and truly?" she asked.

"I promise you."

"Then I may say you will take me into your chateau?"

"No, no; I will find you a home among people who will take care of you, and who will protect you as you ought to be protected."

"But will he consent to that? Can you make him agree to such a proposition?"

"Don't be uneasy about that," I added. "I have some solid arguments that will convince him. With persons like him there is always one efficacious means of bringing them to our way of thinking; we pay them, and it is done! So, do not fret, Viergie, for I am here to befriend you."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed, while the clouds left her lovely face as if by magic.

"Should you want me, send directly for me."

"But what must I say to him? He will question me."

"Tell him that I will see him in a few days—that will be sufficient. In the meantime I will make some arrangements for you."

After Viergie had gone, I remained for a few moments half stunned and utterly bewildered at the conflict of feelings I experienced, and at the foolish obligation I had taken upon myself. I could no longer doubt the empire this strange beauty could exercise over my senses. Up to this time I had felt sufficiently master of myself to terminate this affair as I pleased. It was, therefore, with a species of stupor that I reflected on the situation I had brought about by a word, which was none other than that of protector, the friend of art or

innocence, which Marulas had sought to force on me.

Was I a dupe to the cunning of this clever scoundrel, of whom Viergie was the artless accomplice? Was I the defender of one truly unfortunate? However this might be, I felt that it was stupid of me to yield so quickly to a sentiment of pity, by taking upon myself the responsibility of this rural heroine's future.

But I must say in my own defense that, these natural suspicions once overcome, I accepted the situation bravely. After all, it was only an unexpected charge on my budget of charity. Whether the object were meritorious or an impostor mattered not; creatures a hundred times less deserving than Viergie had too often abused my generosity to make me regret my promise.

For two days the Savenays did nothing but din my ears with remarks about my "pretty vessel," and my exploits as grand seigneur, with other jokes of the same character. It was not until they had gone that I thought about fulfilling my promise made to the young girl.

I went in search of Langlade, my adviser in everything. I related the whole affair to him, and begged him to find me some honest family where this daughter of La Mariasse might find a secure asylum.

He looked at me with astonishment depicted on his face.

"If you wish it to be in this neighborhood, count," said he, "I am afraid it will be very difficult to find, on account of Marulas. He is too well known about here."

"On the contrary," I returned quickly, guessing his thoughts, "I want Viergie to be removed so far away, that they shall not know anything about her or her connections in the house she lives in."

"In that case, it is entirely another matter; but have you calculated on where your generosity will lead you? I am very much deceived, or Marulas is at the bottom of this. He is a clever scoundrel, smart enough to gain his own ends while appearing to submit to others. Rest assured he means to cheat you."

"Oh! I know him. After all, it is only a question of a few thousand francs to pay Viergie's board. If she prove herself worthy of the interest I take in her, I shall bestow a dowry upon her, which will enable her to marry some brave lad. I am rich enough to indulge in this luxury. If, on the contrary, she should prove unworthy, I shall send her back to her father, and let her return to her goats!"

After discussing the question for some time, it was agreed that Langlade should see about it at once. He had a friend in the neighborhood of Marseilles, Captain Payrac, an old sailor who lived with his wife, and whose income consisted only of his pension joined to the sum of two thousand francs. He had no children, and the amount he would receive for boarding my protégée would give him a few luxuries. Captain Payrac was talented, and possessed a cultivated mind; besides this, he was just the man to intimidate Marulas. It was decided that Langlade should write to him immediately.

On returning to Chazol, I determined to pay a visit to La Mornière, which I had neglected for some days. I began to think that chance had made me a kind of wandering cavalier, forcing me in spite of myself to the support of M. de Senozan's offspring, even including his natural children.

My aunt received me as usual, with that reserve mingled with discreet affection which seemed to have become the definite tone of our intercourse. Genevieve had gone for a ramble in the woods with her brother. I did not see her that day.

You know, my friend, that I am not one of those characters who trouble themselves inordinately with events, even when they bar my road. This may be pride on my part; but I am so loth to admit that that bugbear of the weak, called fate can be superior to my will, that I do not deign to move except in the moment of real danger.

When left to myself at Chazol, I resumed my solitary life. Some interrupted tasks, necessitating hard study, confined me in my library, where I worked far into the nights. During the day a little hunting and some visits to neighboring chateaux consumed my time.

Almost every morning, while passing through the woods, I would meet Viergie, more than ever adorned in her new dresses. After my interview with Langlade, I informed her of our plan, begging her to keep it a secret from Marulas until we had received Captain Payrac's reply.

She expressed her gratitude to me as her benefactor, and I must confess that I did think I deserved some credit for the disinterested virtue I had shown in the matter. After two or three interviews, however, which I abridged with some regret, I noticed a decided cooling of my protégée's joy. I attributed this change to the grief of having to leave her mother and several. This feeling was too natural for me to suspect that there could be any other reason for it.

Matters went on in this way until the day when Captain Payrac's reply was received. He accepted Langlade's offer in a letter, which, without dissembling the advantages he would receive from the increase to his income, proved the kindness of his heart by the interest he took in an unfortunate girl worthy of pity.

The moment I received this letter I went in search of Viergie, with whom my meeting had insensibly assumed the character of a rendezvous. When I came to the rocks, I saw her at a distance, seated near a wild shrub. She was reading attentively. I approached her, suspecting that she was pretending not to see me, and leaning over her shoulder, I read the title of her book, which appeared to have been as much thumbed as an old almanac. I was struck dumb with surprise when I found it was Balzac's "*La Femme aux yeux d'or*."

"Oh! how you frightened me!" she exclaimed, laughing.

"Do you mean to tell me you are reading that book, Viergie?"

"Yes. Now that I have no work to do, I study a great deal, and I like it much better."

"Who was it gave you that book?" I asked, in a sad tone.

"Father," said she, confidently. "Why are you so cross? Does it displease you that I should try to learn?"

"No; but that book is not a proper one for you."

"Oh, it's so amusing! all about the great folks in Paris."

"Do you understand this novel?"

"Bless me! yes, I fancy I do," she replied, with a look of innocence, the very boldness of which contradicted her words.

I did not dare to insist any further, for fear of revealing the danger. From seeing her every day, I became convinced that the boldness which had shocked me at first was only the assurance of an artless imagination. The dislike with which her parents were regarded caused her to live almost isolated, and this kind of education, separating her from every one, was sufficient to explain her ignorance, which in any other would have been very peculiar in a country girl.

I suddenly dismissed the subject by speaking of Captain Payrac's letter.

"What!" she exclaimed, in a frightened tone.

"You are going to send me away?"

"But did you not ask it yourself? and was it not agreed on?" I replied, surprised at her remark.

She made no reply, but seemed very much cast down. Somewhat troubled myself, I told her that she had nothing to fear, that she would be treated almost as a daughter, and that her future would be cared for, that she would be protected against Marulas, and finally, that I should be always ready and willing to come to her assistance; but she listened to these protestations with a sad face and bent head.

Almost irritated by her silence, I asked her if she preferred to go with her father, or what she really did want? Like a child pressed for an answer, she suddenly exclaimed, in a pouting manner:

"Well, then, I would much rather remain with you."

I so little expected this answer, and saw so clearly that she did not understand its significance, that I guessed the truth at once.

"Viergie," said I, in a severe tone, and forcing her to look me in the face, "you have told your father of the plan I had formed of sending you to Captain Payrac's."

She blushed deeply, and tried to hide her confusion, but perceiving that I was determined to have a reply, she stammered:

"He forced me to tell him."

"And it was he who advised you to say that you would rather remain with me?"

"Yes, it was he; but it is the truth. I would a hundred times rather remain with you than go to people I don't know."

It was useless for me to discuss a question like this whilst Viergie looked at me with her large, humid, and suppliant eyes. I don't know what foolish thoughts crossed my mind, but the idea that all this was only a palpable snare spread by Marulas for my bad passions made me suddenly realize all its ridiculous and odious character.

"Tell your father to call on me to-day," said I, in such a frigid, distant tone, that she made a gesture of astonishment.

"You are angry with me," said she, timidly.

"No," I returned, more gently; "come to-morrow. I shall be here at the same hour."

And I left her.

Without being a man with more strict principles than those of my time, as you know very well, and after living a little in Turkish fashion by purchasing two Circassians in a Mohammedan country, I have, nevertheless, certain scruples of conscience which I keep for a Christian land. If I have been guilty of some wildness in my time, and if I have, like others, indulged in certain misdoings incidental to a fast life, I have always at least recoiled before the infamous deed of ruining the existence of an honest woman, or that of a pure girl, by thrusting her into a sea of vice, through caprice of heart or passion.

Some may call this absurd puritanism on my part, but such is my disposition, and I do not blush for it. Still, I must confess, while waiting for Marulas, I required all the strength of mind I possessed to silence the tempter. In spite of my resolutions, in spite of the rectitude of my motives, it seemed as if some secret fascination enchaind my will. The irritating sight of this girl, so to say, offering herself to me, bewildered my reason like the fumes of hashish.

An ardent thirst of voluptuousness seemed to burn my blood. I went so far as to ask myself if I were not a stupid blockhead, and if the only result of the fierce virtue I was exercising would not help Marulas in the carrying out of his worthy projects? I thought, in short, that I was about to do a foolish thing, and all this tended to put me in a terribly cross humor.

It was while I was in this state of mind, ready to boil over, that Marulas was announced. My reception of him was in harmony with my bad humor. At the first word I spoke, he saw that this time it was to be no pleasant conversation favorable to his flowers of rhetoric, and he listened to me in the attitude of a crouching dog, who awaits the whip in the air.

I stated to him at once my determination to send Viergie to Captain Payrac's, without any conditions whatever, reserving to myself the right to consult with him or not, as I thought fit, and in which decision I should be guided by his conduct. I added, that in case my proposal did not suit him, he had only to go about his business and make his fortune in his own fashion. The rascal drank my words as if they had been veritable manna:

"You have a kind heart, Monsieur le Count," he exclaimed, with a burst of admiration, and he carried his handkerchief to his eyes to wipe away some imaginary tears.



"Viergie," I resumed, "shall leave to-morrow. I simply warn you, that if ever you make your appearance at Captain Payrac's without his permission or mine, from that moment our agreement is at an end."

"You are providence itself, Monsieur le Comte," he returned, in an impressive tone, as if this condition were a new mark of esteem on my part. "We shall never forget it! And yet, perhaps, Monsieur le Comte will allow me to make an humble remark on a question of detail?"

"Certainly, Monsieur Marulas."

I thought he was about to ask for money. I saw by the cunning leer in his eyes that he guessed my suspicions.

"For a week past," said he, "my wife has been quite ill, suffering from an attack of bronchitis, with high fever. Separation at such a moment as this alarms me. If Monsieur le Comte would allow the child to delay her departure for a few days—"

"That is not necessary. I will send a physician to attend to your wife to-morrow."

Marulas seemed satisfied, and after overwhelming me with blessings, he left the house.

## VIII.

You are doubtless already astonished, my friend, to find Jean de Chazol lingers so long over the recital of an idyl. My idyl, however, is a strange drama, as you will soon discover for yourself.

The next day I learned through the physician that La Mariasse was in fact very ill. Still I found Viergie at the rendezvous, and I told her of the determination we had come to. She seemed resigned, and did not make the slightest objection. I was even astonished to find that her countenance seemed more pleasant and animated than I had ever observed before.

"You will come and see me sometimes?" she said, in an indescribably winning tone of voice; "and you will let me write to you?"

Delighted to find her so submissive, I replied:

"You know that I wish to be your friend."

I then gave her some real paternal advice, which she listened to, sighing frequently. I asked her why she sighed so.

"Will you make me a promise?" said she, in a supplicating tone.

"What is it?"

"I want you to let me see you every day during the time that I remain here."

"What childishness! Besides, is not your mother ill?"

"She can do without me during the morning," she replied, quickly. "I watch by her bedside during the night, and father then takes my place."

"But you must have some sleep?"

"I can sleep afterward; it does me so much good to converse with you. And you know very well that he—he frightens me."

"Does he still ill-treat you?"

"Oh! no; on the contrary, he has become very good to me, but it's all the same—he always frightens me—while you—Oh! if you would be so kind—it need not inconvenience you at all, for I will wait until you come out."

All this was said with such a charming abandon of innocence, mingled with such a charming glance, that I felt yielding in spite of myself.

"Well—yes. I will come sometimes," I replied, laughing.

I returned on the succeeding days, feeling secure in the resolutions I had formed, which seemed to me to have become much stronger since Viergie had shown herself so submissive. Besides there are certain virtuous acts, in which egotism often advises us better than reason. To make this girl my mistress was to embarrass my life with one of those ties which an honest man cannot always break at his pleasure. To recommence M. de Senozan's story with another Mariasse appears to me to be the most stupid of follies.

Nevertheless, I was not long in discovering that the part I had to play was by no means as easy as I imagined. In a few days I perceived a curious change in Viergie's manner, which resembled so exactly the manoeuvres of open coquetry that I could think of nothing else. It seemed as if human passions had been suddenly kindled in that soul, whose childish candor still reigned. From the depths of her ignorance strange gleams escaped, as if some sudden revelation had lately pervaded that hitherto wavering and undecided nature, by awakening her sleeping senses. These gleams were the almost free questions she suddenly asked me concerning the love mentioned in the romances she read, the glances she gave me, the voluptuous languor of which fascinated me, and notwithstanding all this, the provoking boldness she showed, the temerity of which contrasted so singularly with her innocence, that she seemed to be awkwardly repeating a badly-studied lesson.

Although I guessed easily enough that this metamorphosis was owing to Marulas's frightful suggestions, the part I had to play was one full of peril; and this girl's intoxicating beauty disturbed me to such a degree, that at times I felt my reason totter. In vain I endeavored, frightened at myself, to resist the delirium which took possession of my senses. I made a resolution never to see her again, and the next day saw me there, as usual!

One day I reached the rock very much surprised not to have met Viergie on the road. She was not there. I waited for her. It was certainly easy enough to conjecture that she had been kept at home by her mother, and yet I felt painfully disappointed. I tried to persuade myself that, after all, there was no reason why she should arrive first. A strange disquietude seized me, and the most ridiculous fears entered my mind. I imagined that Marulas had taken her away. I thought of that country lad who wanted to marry her. I came at last to the conclusion, judging from the emotions I felt, that Jean de Chazol was at hand.

Having reached this point, and after having

cast a last glance on the road to Severol, from whence no one approached, I was about to make for the path, when, just as I was passing a moss-grown rock, a bunch of heather fell at my feet, and I heard a peal of laughter that proceeded from the top of the rock, on which Viergie appeared.

"Oh! haven't you been looking for me?" she exclaimed, with a child's glee.

"Have you been long there?" I asked, forgetting my suspicions.

"For more than an hour," she replied, coming down to where I stood. "I wanted to punish you for coming so late," she added, in a refractory tone, at the same time binding up her hair, which had been unfasted. "Oh, it amused me so much to see you looking for me everywhere!"

"Oh, you sly puss!" said I, half smiling and half angry.

"Now don't scold me! While I was hiding, I made you a bouquet—is it not pretty?"

How could I be angry with her? She began to prattle as usual, and I was astonished at her unsophisticated mind, in which so many naive superstitions were mingled. While speaking, she bedecked herself with the heather.

"Now you look as you did the day I first met you," I said.

"Now confess," said she, "that I looked frightful that day, in my ugly old clothes."

"I don't remember."

"And how do I look now?" she added, assuming an attitude so superlatively coquettish that I was dazzled by it.

"I do not know how to pay compliments," I replied, in a cold tone.

"It would not be a compliment," she replied, fixing her eyes on mine; "unless, indeed, I am really ugly."

"What do you think yourself?" I asked, deciding to evade her question.

"I imagine I resemble Coralie, in 'Un grand homme de province à Paris.'"

I experienced a cruel shock at these words.

"I have already told you that these books are not proper for a girl of your age, and I do not like to hear you mention them."

She looked at me with astonishment depicted in her face.

"You are unkind!" she exclaimed, in the manner of a pouting child, "and Lucien de Rubempré was a great deal kinder to her than you are to me."

"There is no similarity between their situation and ours," I replied somewhat haughtily.

"Why, don't you love me, then?" she suddenly exclaimed, in a tone so marked by awkward effrontery, that I saw clearly the poor child was only repeating a lesson.

"Are you crazy?" I cried.

She began to sob violently, and, with a gesture quicker than thought, she seized my hand, and I felt the impression of her burning lips on it.

From this moment I felt that it was necessary to at once put a stop to these meetings, in which, whatever my attitude might be in my own eyes, I played the part of a blockhead. The illness of La Mariasse imperatively delayed Viergie's departure. I told her that important business claimed my attention; that I would see her once more to bid her farewell.

Hard as it was for me, I avoided passing the rocks in going next day to La Morinière. For some days past I had been agitated by thoughts of too irritating a character, and too little in harmony with my own nature and the world in which I lived, not to feel revived by that perfume of modest grace and native elegance which my cousin spread around her.

The strange resemblance existing between Genevieve and Viergie, rendered the contrast between those two natures so extreme, that, when I came to myself, I asked my heart how it was possible that I could have ever dreamed for a single moment of indulging in an equivocal passion, which my mind did not even dare to confess to itself.

Still I could not always choose the road we should take in our rides, besides which, I began to feel it childish on my part to inconvenience myself further in this respect. A few days later, while passing the Saint-Honorat cross-roads, I perceived Viergie sitting on the steps of the cross. I saw then that she had persisted in vain in waiting for me. I felt annoyed, and made up my mind that I would pass her without bestowing a single glance on her; but I noticed in her attitude such humble resignation, and such sadness, that my anger melted into a feeling of compassion.

"How is your mother, Viergie?" I asked.

She glanced at me without moving, as if she was ashamed, and seemed confused to hear me speak to her while in my cousin's company.

"The doctor says she is worse," she stammered in a trembling voice.

We had stopped our horses.

"Here, my good girl," said Genevieve, "take this for her," and, while speaking, she let a piece of gold fall on the steps of the cross.

Viergie remained motionless, and without looking at the gift she received, she raised her eyes to Genevieve with an indefinable expression.

"What a strange girl!" said my cousin, when we had passed the cross-roads.

I turned round. I saw Viergie still seated, with her hands crossed on her knees, following us with her eyes. We remained silent a moment or two.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked at last.

"That girl has quite agitated me," returned Genevieve, in an altered voice.

"Do not be uneasy about her. I will assist her."

I tried to change the conversation.

"Did you remark how she looked at me?" she

asked, in a moment or two. "She almost frightened me; and yet it seems to me that her face resembles mine."

"It is true," I replied, in the most indifferent tone I could assume, "she does resemble you a little."

"Such a resemblance is very incomprehensible—don't you think so?"

We returned to the chateau, and I succeeded in changing the current of Genevieve's thoughts to such an extent, that she did not mention this meeting to her mother. I staid to dinner at La Morinière, and it was night when I left.

I proceeded on my way, thinking only of avoiding the branches of the trees which projected over my path. When I reached the Saint-Honorat cross-roads, my steed shied so violently that he almost unseated me. I then saw Viergie, sitting in the same place I had left her some hours before.

"What! not you?" I exclaimed. "What are you doing here so late?"

"Nothing," said she, in a tone of resignation. "I was waiting till you passed, as I have been ordered to do."

"Viergie," I replied, touched by this gentle sadness, "you know very well that I have told you I would not come here again."

"Yes, you told me so; but it's all the same—I am better here than in the house!"

"Does your father still torment you?"

She was silent. I thought that she was afraid to answer. I insisted on a reply to my question.

"It is true, then, that you love your cousin," she suddenly exclaimed, as if she were giving utterance to the thoughts that absorbed her.

Recovering myself by some exasperation which I could not conquer, I exclaimed:

"You are certainly crazy!"

And I galloped away.

I saw it was necessary to take some definite measure to put an end to the temptations assailing me. I resolved to leave the place until after Viergie's departure. I had promised our mutual friend, D'Amblay, to visit him for a week's hunting. I wrote to Langlade the next day to take upon himself the conclusion of this ridiculous business. I received his reply the following day, and made my preparations to leave Chazol immediately.

It was near midnight when I had finished all my arrangements, and more agitated than I was willing to confess, I threw myself on a sofa and tried to read.

It was a clear night, and I felt sleep insensibly stealing over me, when, happening to look through the door opening into the park, I thought I must be the victim of some sudden hallucination, for I saw Viergie's form standing in relief from a background of dark verdure. The flickering light given out by my lamp made me think at first that it was a mere optical delusion, but the form advanced—I heard the gravel creak—she ascended the steps leading to the entrance.

Viergie was before me!

## Inauguration of the Mammoth Republican Wigwam, Jersey City, N. Y., Sept. 30.

As WILL be seen by our engraving, the Republican Wigwam at Jersey City, N. Y., formally inaugurated with appropriate ceremonies on the 30th September, is a stupendous institution in an architectural point of view. The building extends from York to Montgomery street, with Henderson street for its southern boundary. It is two hundred feet long, ninety feet wide, and, at the centre, forty-five feet in height. The engraving will convey an accurate idea of its method of construction, showing the vast arches which, twelve in number and semi-circular, sustain the structure. Not for political uses exclusively is this wigwam intended, though it will doubtless do good service in this canvass for the Republican cause. In the winter time it will, under the name of "The Jersey City Skating Rink," be converted into an arena for the exercises of those who love to skim, steel-shod, over the surface of the frozen water. The building cost \$21,000, the ground being leased for ten years at an annual rental of \$1,000.

On the evening of the inauguration the interior was appropriately decorated. The national flag hung at the back of the speakers' platform and from the walls, and from the gas pendants in the centre, streamers of red, white and blue extended to the sides, while upon every arch was fixed the escutcheon of a State.

The immense hall was crowded at an early hour on the evening of the 30th, no less than five thousand people being present. The band of the 21st Regiment of New York was stationed outside while the audience was collecting, and enlivened the occasion with patriotic and inspiring music. At the hour announced, the meeting was called to order by Mr. James Gopall, and Mr. Isaac W. Souder was chosen chairman. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Holmes, Mr. John Rajus delivered the dedicatory address, and was followed by several eminent orators, among others, Generals Sickles and Kilpatrick, who spoke eloquently and to the purpose. A grand torchlight procession was formed at the close of the meeting, and the "Boys in Blue" turned out, numbering at least two thousand, and with bands of music paraded the streets of Jersey City.

## MISS FANNY JANAUSCHEK.

THE eminent tragedienne, whose portrait we publish on another page, has arrived in this city on the steamer Weiser, and will probably add new laurels to those which she reaped last year during her tour through the United States. Miss Janauschek is eminently what we call a "self-made woman." The daughter of a wealthy merchant of the city of Prague, Bohemia, she enjoyed the advantages of a very liberal education, and was especially prominent as a child for her musical talent, which seemed to destiny her to become a great artist. Her father, however, having suffered reverses in business, the young girl was left entirely to the resources of her work. But she was not discouraged, and supported herself by her musical talent, until the manager of a small theatrical troupe directed his attention to the beautiful and talented young girl, and gave her a position in his wandering company.

Commencing in an inferior position, Miss Janauschek's talent soon made her the star of the company, and the manager soon recommended her to the proprietor of the theatre at Lyons, where she rose to that prominence

which she ever since has maintained on the German stage. Miss Janauschek does not belong to any school of acting, in the common sense of the word. She does not imitate her predecessors, nor act according to the hackneyed manner in which the traditional performances are given, but she "creates," as the French say, her parts, and her performances are thoroughly original, and of her own conception. She is the true delineator of human nature; she not only "holds up the mirror to nature," but she gives nature herself to her audience, and the passion and force which constitute the principal elements of her power enable her to entrance audiences which are not versed in her native tongue. The success of Miss Janauschek in America during the last year has been so immense, that there can be no doubt of her being cordially received again by the host of her admirers.

## The Tabernacle Mission Church, Ruggles Street, Boston.

WITH the increase of foreign population, and the accumulating crowds in our large cities, the want of Mission work is more deeply felt. Missions are springing up in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and other cities, and the good they are doing is incalculable. We give a view of the "Tabernacle Mission Church," located in Ruggles street, Boston; a church recently opened for Sunday-school purposes and free preaching, having a fine audience-room and beautiful Sabbath-school rooms, fitted up with much taste and beauty.

## Hard Lines—A Stage Driver's Story.

As WE stepped ashore from the one o'clock boat of a down-town ferry, homeward-bound, on Saturday morning, after a hard night's work at the desk, in the sultry heat of that sweltering night, and were wishing that the Sun was published just about then in Alaska, or some equally cool locality, we found ourselves walking side by side with a broad-shouldered, cheerful-looking man of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts.

"Mighty hot weather, sir," suggested our friend, in a neighborly way; "awful hard on horses, such days as these."

We assented, and added that it was quite trying to human beings also.

"I believe ye," said he. "In such times as these it's a real luxury to ride on a ferry-boat; every breath of fresh air is worth a dollar."

The ice thus broken, as we had to go some little distance up the street together, we pleasantly inquired what kept him out so late, when a conversation ensued which we give nearly or quite verbatim:

He—Oh, I drive a stage for a livin'.

We—Pretty late to be getting home, for a stage-driver—it's nearly half-past one now?

He—No; I get over every mornin' about this time.

We—Well, when do you go out then?

He—Oh, I start out with my stage at 6:12 in the morning.

We—Twelve minutes past six. What line do you drive on?

He—I drive on the — Ferry, — and Forty — street line.

We—How many hours did you say you work?

He—From 6:12 in the mornin' to midnight.

We—What, and come all the way down town and cross the ferry every night after that before you get to bed?

He—Yes. Ye see, sir, I ain't always lived in New York. We used to belong to Philadelphia, where poor people kin live like folks. Everybody there kin live a little house alone with his family; but here, if you live on York Island, why, ye've got to pack into the top floor of some cussed tenement house, along with all sorts o' folks. So I'd rather live over here where the ole woman kin be sort o' comfortable like, even if I have to put up with some inconvenience myself.

We—Do you mean to say that you get home at this time every night, and reach the stage office by twelve minutes past six the same mornin'?

He—Ye see, before that, I've got to be there by six, to clean my stage out and be ready to start at 6:12.

We—What time do you get for sleep?

He—About three hours.

We—Why, man, you can't stand it. That work will kill you, with so little rest.

He—Well, I have been at it seventeen year.

We—How can you endure so long hours, with so little sleep?

He—Well, I never wanted much sleep, and when I go to bed, I tell you I sleep hard.

We—Do you never oversleep yourself?

He—No, sir. The ole woman, she gets up about half-past four and makes me some breakfast. Then she calls me. She's very good 'bout that, and I gets up, takes a good wash and a bite, and off by the five o'clock boat.

We—And what pay do you get for such long hours?

He—Twelve shillin' a day.

We—What! a dollar and a half a day? How on earth do you live?

He—Well, d'ye see, we couldn't live off that; but with what we makes it comes to about two dollars to twenty shillin' a day. The bosses knows it; but they won't pay fair wages, and we can't starve.

We—You must want to get out of such a hard business?

He—Well, I do. But I've always been among hosses, and I couldn't git along in any other business. I sometimes think I'd like to git a job to drive a truck over here. But, then, I ain't no time to look up a place.

We—Well, you have at least one day in the week to rest—Sunday; then you sleep pretty late, don't you?

He—No, sir. I git up about nine o'clock and have a good clean-up. If I laid aside late, and bummed about Sundays, as some o' 'em do, by Monday night I'd feel worse'n if I hadn't been to bed at all. There, sir, I'm most home. I live just round that corner. Good-night.

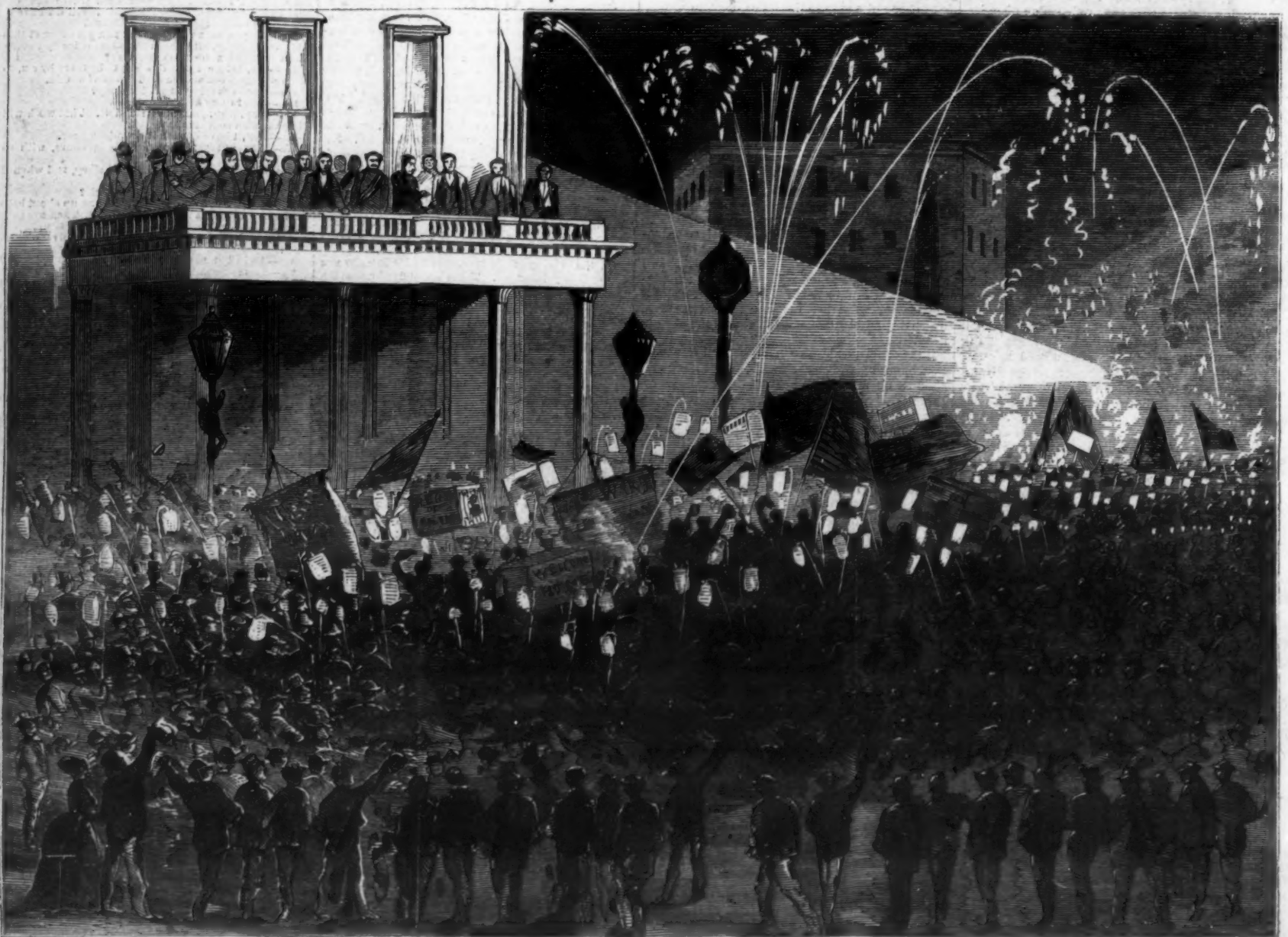
Wishing the cheerful, hard-working man a "good-night," we went home, wondering if some folks, who murmur at the hardship of their lot, might not gather consolation from THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—The Paris correspondent of a London paper says: "The Emperor leads a comparatively sedentary life at Fontainebleau, and his chief amusement is to receive the *maîtres* of the neighboring towns and villages. The other day a *maître* of a small hamlet, who had heard how accessible the Emperor is at present, betook himself, dressed in his Sunday clothes, and wearing his scarf (the insignia of a *maître*), to the palace, where he was fortunate enough to be admitted to the presence of his sovereign in a couple of hours. 'Sir,' he stammered, 'allow me to complain of a stag who every night comes out of the forest, and ruins all the fields of my commune. The animal belongs to the Crown; so I entreat of your Majesty to have him prevented from continuing such disastrous rambles.' 'How much do you suppose the inhabitants of your village have lost by this?' inquired the Emperor. 'Perhaps about thirty francs, Sir,' was the reply; and his Majesty handed over to the overpowered *maître* a 500 franc note; 'And remember that I give you free leave to shoot the culprit if you find him again on the grounds.' The *maître* went home in high glee, as you may suppose. He has since heard that the poor stag, having again trespassed, was hunted, killed, and eaten into the bargain, with all manner of rejoicings."





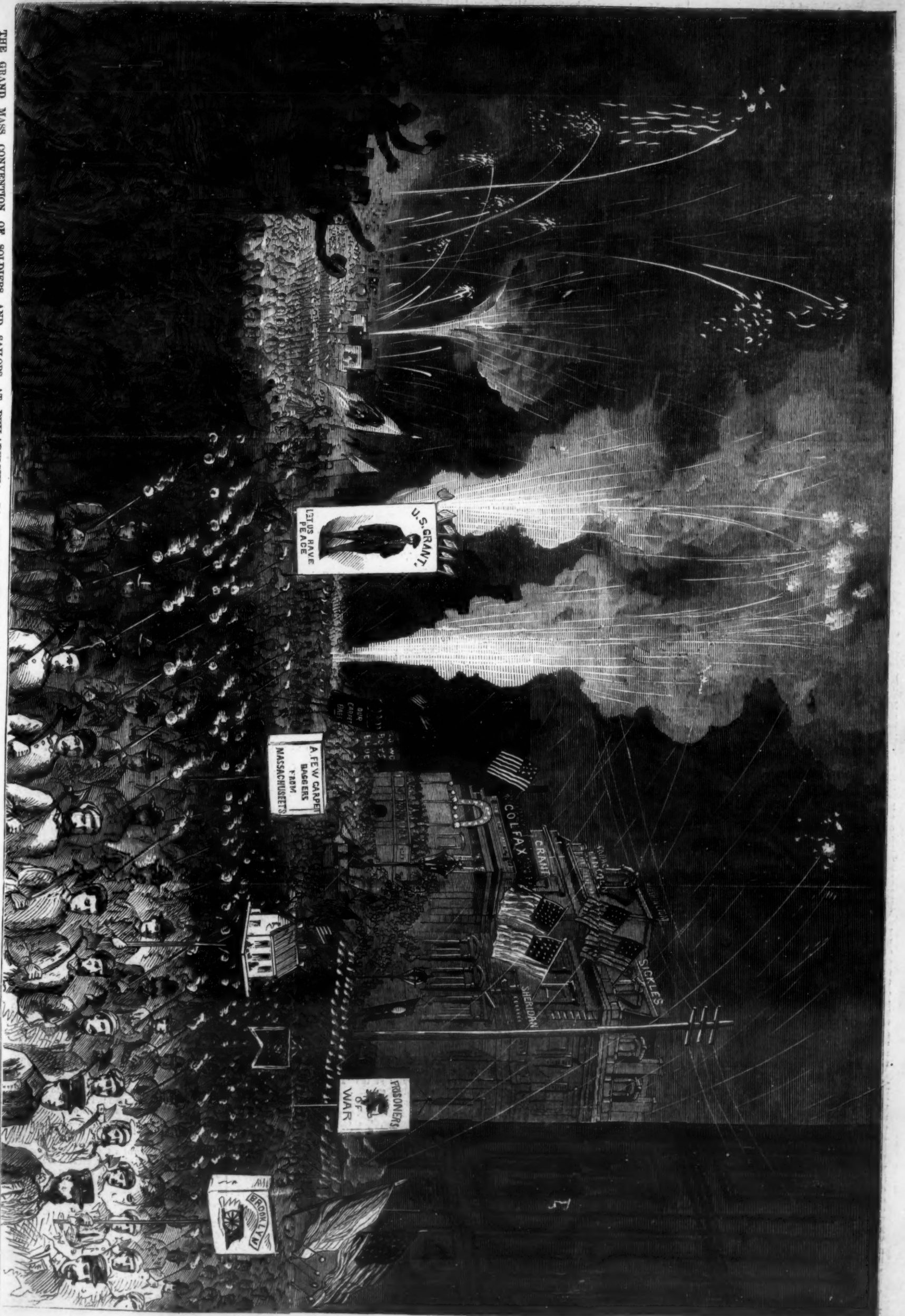
THE GRAND MASS CONVENTION OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.—MAYOR M'MICHAEL ADDRESSING THE ASSEMBLY ON INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, OCTOBER 1ST.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 67.



THE DEMONSTRATION IN WELCOME OF GEN. GEO. B. MCCLELLAN—THE GENERAL ADDRESSING THE MULTITUDE FROM THE BALCONY OF THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 67



THE GRAND MASS CONVENTION OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS AT PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION PASSING THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING, OCTOBER 2ND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 67.





## DROWNED.

Lift her from the whirling waters,  
Lift her gently, as a child  
Sleeping in a peaceful slumber,  
From the waters dark and wild.  
See the white waves leap to kiss her—  
Do they love her well as I?  
Oh, the thought that both will miss her,  
While the long, slow years go by!

Lift her gently. How the seaweed  
Clings among her silken hair!  
How it clutched her with its fingers—  
Drew her down in wild despair.  
See! the sunbeams kiss her eyelids—  
Will they wake her into life?  
No, her heart is stilled for ever  
To all earthly cares and strife!

Whisper, waves, in saddest sorrow,  
For the one you loved so well;  
For our love there dawns no morrow,  
We have said our sad farewell.  
I can blame you not for loving  
One so fair and tender-eyed,  
But I loved her best, O waters,  
Though you won her for your bride.

We shall miss her voice at morning;  
We shall sigh for her at eve;  
I will come and sit beside you,  
Sighing waters, while you grieve.  
If my arms had only held her,  
When her eyelids closed! but no!  
In your arms she was enfolded,  
And you kissed her cheeks of snow!

Moan and sigh, O mournful waters!  
In my heart I make reply,  
And I call her name in sorrow,  
Yet she answers not my cry.  
Death has robbed us of our darling;  
We may only whisper here  
Of our mutual love and sorrow,  
And the one we held so dear.

Oh, how white and cold her features!  
I shall never more forget  
How the sunlight kissed her tresses,  
Wound with seaweed, green and wet.  
Oh! if I could have but kissed her  
At the last, and said good-by!  
Vain, oh, vain, my sad, wild longings,  
Vain, O waves, your mournful cry!

## THE WINNING OF THE WISHES.

## A Tale of the Golden Falcon.

The upper guest-chamber of the "Golden Falcon" of Bonn overlooks the Rhine very pleasantly. It is sufficiently high to top a slope of vineyard that would otherwise shut out the view of the blue and rapid river; yet it is not so high that the rich perfume of the flowers in the parterre of the little hostel becomes too diluted with the common air to be pleasantly susceptible to the olfactory, always supposing those nerves not to be subtended by the everlasting china-bowled pipe, without which no German gentleman's physiognomy can be considered complete.

Yet the "Golden Falcon" is so high above the Rhine, that to look down on its waters gives the spectator one of two sensations, according to his temperament. If he be nervous, it produces a not unpleasant, because not dangerous, attack of the desire to fling himself down from the height. To do so would be but to launch yourself into Herr Spielbaum's bed of peonies, or at worst, into the rosary, without fear of broken bones, though the river, seen from the window, seems to run at your feet. But if the spectator be the man whose heart is swelled with youth and hope—in other words, with ambition—the view from the "Falcon's" window is tonic exhilarating. He seems to breathe a purer air, which thrills through him like champagne. His breast heaves with the sparkling effervescence of the upper ether; and he feels as the eagle must feel, high up in the heaven-piercing crags: he longs to fling himself—not downward like the swallow, or the nervous man—but upward, into the eye of the sun, like the king of birds himself.

There was a little group of friends in the University of Bonn who were wont to assemble in the upper guest-chamber of the "Golden Falcon," oftener, perhaps, than was quite compatible with strict study. Their dispositions varied; their future paths diverged; their tastes differed; but they yet remained staunch friends, for they had one sentiment in common, the sentiment which, perhaps, influenced their choice of the rendezvous. They were all young, hopeful, and energetic—they were all ambitious, with that dreamy German ambition, which sacrifices opportunities to visions, and sits brooding over imaginary triumphs, when it should reach forth and grasp the first round of the ladder.

The Christian names of the half dozen were Fritz, Hans, Franz, Carl, Ludovic, and Heinrich. It is unnecessary to record their surnames, for they invariably addressed one another by the more familiar title; but it will be as well to indicate the future which each of them set before himself.

At the top of the table sat Fritz, the young politician. His was an intellectual head, with somewhat more of vigor than is generally noticeable in such purely German features. His fair hair, divided in the centre, curled down toward his shoulders; heavy yellow eyebrows shaded a pair of clear, keen eyes, less blue than gray; and a pale mustache, rather heavy for so young a face, hung down to some length on either side. He was the son of a good house—one that had given Germany more than one statesman; and in his heart, true to the traditions of his family, he was eager for power and distinction in the Senate, as one of the guides and guardians of the onward progress of the loved Fatherland.

Hans, who sat on the right of Fritz, was a pale, thin, thoughtful man. He looked far older than

he really was, for studious habits had given a stoop to his shoulders, and his brow was furrowed with lines, which were traced by the hand of thought, yet seemed like the wrinkles of age. Hans's destination was the ministry, for which, as his pastors declared, he had a decided call; and if profound meditation on theological questions, and a wide knowledge of the writings of controversial religion, be a call for the ministry, he was born to be a minister. He joined in the carousing of his friends, not so much from the natural desire of a young man to mingle with his fellows, as from the necessity which he felt, at times, to escape from the bewildering, terrifying conflict of thought, which was the result of his range of reading.

Franz, the poet, was a slim, dapper youngster, with a pleasant, almost womanly face, and silken tresses that many a girl envied him. Large, dreamy blue eyes had he, and a faint, golden down on his upper lip, not to be called a mustache, yet caressable by a white, elegant hand, whereon our gay butterfly wore a few rings, more showy than costly. He had a merry, ringing voice; though, like most young poets, his lyre was most often tuned to melancholy strains. Yet had he penned a jovial wine-song or two for the little fellowship of the "Golden Falcon," with a happy refrain, that the lads shouted with their fresh young voices after the lamps were lit, though the sparkling amber in their glasses was oftener beer than wine.

For the bubbles that swim  
At the brim  
Are dim  
With the fair Ariadne's sighs;  
When she cheered her sad soul  
In the golden bowl,  
And Bacchus he dried her eyes!

You see, they were classical, these young roisters; not because they were studious, however, but because Franz thought mythology, like melancholy, a fitting theme for poetry.

Carl, the philosopher, sat beside the poet, as if he were a necessary corrective. Yet, to look at him, you would have said he was the poet rather than Franz, for he was a true disciple of the German school of philosophy; on which account, perhaps, it was that he was so seldom seen without his pipe. A thin, loitering cloud of smoke that hung round him was typical of his philosophy—vague, impracticable, not to be grasped—a mere image of substance, fantastic and useless. Like Hans, Carl looked more than his age, for his eyes were deep-set, and the lines about his mouth were strongly marked, either by the muscular effort of constantly carrying a long, china-bowled pipe, or from the perpetual rumination of hard questions.

Ludovic, who sat opposite to Carl, was a painter. There was all the grace of an artist about him. Abandon and eccentricity had marked him for their own. A tossing sea of brown curls—a careless, yellow beard—a velvet tunic, very wide at the throat, and a loose, limp collar, all proclaimed the child of art and ease. As he sat eagerly describing to Franz, across the table, the beauties of some newly-discovered nook among the vineyards, he half unconsciously dabbed his finger in some spilt wine, and drew a suggestion of the scene on the dark oak table. Heinrich, who sat beside him, listened attentively, and with a sculptor's keen eye—the eye which passes over color, to find the fullest enjoyment in the pure beauty of form—noted the easy grace of the young painter's attitude. Heinrich was tall and slender, with a dark and grave face, and thin and refined features, to which the habit of quietly contemplating any suggestion of beauty of shape that came in his way gave a peculiarly earnest and thoughtful expression.

Such was the notable little group which was wont to meet in the upper guest-chamber of the "Golden Falcon."

But there is yet another present, of whom my story must take note, Pretty Gretchen, the daughter of the host of the "Golden Falcon," attends on the young men. She is a true daughter of the Fatherland—plump as a partridge, with two big, wondering eyes, a pair of full, ripe lips, and round, rosy cheeks. Her hair, carefully smoothed over her forehead, is plaited into two long tails behind, tied with ribbons of sky-blue, and fastened with a silver pin. A close-fitting bodice displays a bounteous yet trim figure, and a waist that gives no suggestion of tight-lacing; while her petticoat, reaching not quite to her ankle, shows a shapely foot that has a springy tread, suggestive of the fact that her well-proportioned limbs are accustomed to the steep hill side and the mountain path. She moved about swiftly but lightly, and seemed to delight in anticipating the wishes of the guests. She knew the tastes and fancies of each, and studied them—put the nuts near Carl, and the grapes near Franz, and always secured the most picturesque flagon for Heinrich, the rosiest apples for Ludovic, and the largest pipe for Hans. But it was on Fritz that her chief attentions were lavished. Almost before he could frame a wish—certainly before he could utter it—Gretchen had instinctively divined his object, and flew to obtain it.

Poor little Gretchen! She was learning to be a devoted slave and servant from him who makes thralls of the best of us—Love! The simple little maid had lost her heart to the young politician; and the happiest part of her life was the evening hour, when the half-dozen friends met in the upper guest-room at the "Golden Falcon."

It would be absurd to say that Fritz had not divined the interest which Gretchen felt in him. He was quite conscious of it, and not a little proud; but he kept his secret to himself. He was a diplomatist, and he knew far too well the value of his advantage to babble of it. At present, his companions supposed that Gretchen held them all alike in her esteem, and paid her the honest homage which her youth, beauty, and goodness deserved. If he had revealed his advantage, a rivalry would have been set afoot—for the best of friends will vie for a woman's preference—and

then there would have been an end to his comfort, no less than to Gretchen's peace of mind, and to the harmony of the little party of friends.

It was one evening in the sultry autumn, when my story has to deal with the assembled group of students. Though the "Golden Falcon" was perched so high up in the crags, and though every window of the guest-chamber in the upper story was wide open, as if panting for breath, not a ghost of a zephyr stirred. The vineyard stood motionless. Not a leaf, not a tendril trembled; their shadows slept on the ground. The blue waters of the Rhine were glassy and serene; not a ripple ruffled its surface. There must have been some faint breath of air in the higher regions of the sky, for, although the nearer clouds hung still and changeless, the upper strata glided along slowly and solemnly; but, since they sailed down toward the western horizon, where the sun was setting in a lurid, coppery haze, it seemed as if they were sinking from sheer want of a breeze to keep them aloft.

Yet, though the air was so still, it was not silent. There was that peculiar hum in it which seems to be the sound of invisible insect life in its countless swarms, but which is more probably to be explained by the scientific as the result of the state of an atmosphere highly charged with electricity. For it did not need the bank of dull red clouds in the west, or the oppressive weight of the hot, dry air, or any external signs, to tell you that there was a thunderstorm coming. You felt it in the tingling of your veins, as the blood coursed through them; in the restless weariness—to use a seemingly strange term—which set every nerve in your body trembling.

You may be sure that the electricity in the air had not passed so sensitive a group of human beings as our friends of the upper room of the "Golden Falcon." Instead of sitting down as usual at the table, they were scattered about the room, sitting at the open windows, or pacing up and down, like caged beasts of prey.

As the sun sank, the room grew darker, but not cooler.

"Shall I light the lamps?" asked Gretchen, as she came in with Hans's third flagon. Hans was as dry as a theological dissertation this evening.

"No; don't light the lamps, little one," said two or three at once; "we shall be roasted alive. Lend us the light of your eyes instead, Gretchen."

"To scorch heart and soul," said Franz, "and so make them fitter companions for our poor broiled bodies?"

"Phew! I wish the storm would come," said Fritz.

"So do I," "And I," echoed two or three of the others.

"Happy mortals!" said Carl, with a sneer. "Wish away; for once, you are likely to have your wishes. Wish away!—wish away! Make your game while the ball rolls! Man is born not to get his wishes, so make the most of your exceptional advantages!"

I suppose it was the electricity that made Carl more cynical than usual. It certainly had the effect of making some of the others disputatious.

"Go to, philosopher!" said Franz. "To wish is to have. The soul that desires earnestly enough, must obtain."

"Nay," said Hans; "you both err. The truth lies between—a golden mean. It were not well that man should always have his wish."

"What I most wish in the world would be no ill, Herr Pastor," said Ludovic.

"Nor would mine be harmful," broke in Heinrich.

"Could I have my wish, it would be for the good of all," cried Fritz.

"For mine, too?" asked Gretchen, secretly, of her heart.

"Merciful heaven, what a Babel! On such a night no philosopher would put himself to the exertion of wishing, or I might wish you all the realization of your wishes, so as to be well rid of the lot," said Carl.

"Why not?" asked a deep voice, with which none of the students was familiar.

There was a pause, and all looked to the corner whence the voice came. Its owner, as if he divined the general desire, puffed fiercely at his pipe, and the glow of the burning herb lit up his face and figure sufficiently to enable the others to see him.

He was a tall, thin fellow, dressed in black. His nose was lean and hooked; his mustache small and sharp-pointed; his mouth was wide, and set with irregular, fang-like teeth; and his eyes were small, deep-set, and piercing; his eyebrows, which joined over his nose, inclined upward, forming a sort of V, as if he were branded "villain" on the forehead.

After a little pause, as if to allow the students to take a survey of his appearance, he took the pipe from his mouth, and spoke again.

"Pardon, gentlemen, if I intrude. I was passing along the mountain-road on business, and took shelter at the 'Falcon' from the coming rain. I like companionship, and finding no one in the lower apartment, made my way up here."

The room was not a private room, though, by tacit consent, the other frequenters of the "Golden Falcon" had given it up to the students, and the host never sent strangers thither. The new-comer had evidently found the way for himself, so the students had nothing to protest against, and no one to blame. But Gretchen was puzzled; for she had been standing in the passage in the open door, and had not seen the stranger enter.

"Why not wish for the thing you would like best?" said the stranger, taking up his first question again—"why not wish for it and have it?"

"Because, to ask and to have are two things," said Carl.

"How do you know? Have you ever tried?" asked the other, turning to him sharply.

Carl felt that he could not say positively that he had, so he held his tongue.

"Ah, my friend," said the stranger, with a dry, harsh laugh, "a philosopher who has seen nothing of the world is as poorly off as a traveled fool. You have never been in Mexico?"

Carl shook his head.

"I have but just returned from it, and I have learnt many a strange thing, and acquired many a wonderful thing, too, for my art."

"A painter, eh?" murmured Ludovic. He spoke so low he was startled to find the stranger answer him.

"No, not a painter, like you, friend. I am a professor of magic!" There was a little flutter of alarm and wonder at this statement. The stranger felt and appreciated it. He laughed again, longer and more loudly.

"Ha! ha! ha! Look now, here's a brave gathering of students and learned men, and they shake at the notion of a professor of magic. If I had said a juggler, you would not have cared a bit. Well, then, I am a juggler; but I always call myself a professor of magic—it is more imposing—it creates an impression. Ha! ha! only a juggler, gentlemen; one of long experience, and so, rather skillful; but only a common juggler, with the common tricks. Here's one!"

He held up his hand, and from the end of each finger came a pale blue flame, lighting up the room, and showing all the faces in it—rather pale faces, whether from the color of the light or a sense of awe, it is impossible to say. The flame faded, and was replaced by the red glow of the stranger's pipe.

"Look you here, gentlemen; I am going to give an entertainment in Bonn. Your patronage will be of value to me. If I show you some good tricks, will you put your names to this little scrap of paper—a testimony to my skill as a juggler?"

The students, superstitious though they were, began to grow more confident; and partly, perhaps, to avoid the semblance of fear, undertook to sign the certificate.

"Where's the ink?" asked Franz.

"Every man his own ink-horn," said the juggler. "And look ye, gentlemen, I must e'en ask you to sign first. One of you can hold the paper, and burn it if I disappoint you; whereas, if it has to be signed after the show, the audience is likely to wander away and leave the paper blank."

No objection was offered, so the juggler laid the paper on the table.

"A light!" said he; and again the blue flame flickered at the end of his forefinger. "A pen!" and immediately he held in his hand a slender iron "stile."

"Who signs first?"

"I!" said Fritz.

"Turn up your sleeve."

Fritz obeyed. The juggler pressed the point on a vein in Fritz's arm, apparently without puncturing the skin.

"Write," said he, and Fritz signed his name in a red fluid. The others went through the same ceremony. Last of all came Gretchen.

"Let me sign, too!" said she; but the juggler did not desire her signature. Nevertheless, as the lads wished to have Gretchen with them to see the tricks, he was obliged to consent.

"Give me the paper—I'll hold it," said Fritz. The juggler handed it to him.

"And now, gentlemen, you shall make the acquaintance of a drug that I have brought from Mexico. Its effects are not unlike those of opium, though they are not dangerous. You were speaking of wishes but now. This drug will realize all your ambitions—will you try it?"

"Ay! That will we! Give it to us!" cried the lads, eagerly.

The juggler drew a little phial from his bosom.

"Fill your glasses, gentlemen—yonder stands a flask of Liebefraumilch—fill from that."

They obeyed. He drew the cork—a lambent blue flame curled out of the neck of the bottle.

"More blue fire," said Hans, in a tone of doubt and hesitation.

"Tis the effect of the electricity in the air. That thunderstorm cannot be many minutes now ere it bursts!"

The room, indeed, seemed overpoweringly hot and stifling. The juggler poured a few drops from his phial into the glasses. He came last to Fritz, by whose side Gretchen had placed herself for safety and support, partly; and partly because, come what might, she could share it with him.

"When you are all charged, I will give the word," said the juggler. "Then make your wish, and drink!"

He was pouring the phosphoric liquid into Fritz's glass as he spoke, and seemed as if he would empty the phial.

"Stay," said Fritz; "there is Gretchen's glass yet. There will be none for her."

As he spoke, he took her glass from her hand, unconsciously exchanging for it the document he was holding. The juggler, with a dissatisfied shrug, emptied the last few drops into the girl's glass.

"Now—wish, and drink!"

As the students raised the glasses to their lips the blue flame brightened in them, flinging long, black, fantastic shadows of the drinkers on the wall.

As they drained the wine, the outer darkness was gashed by a broad, bright glare of forked lightning—the roar of a fearful clap of thunder followed immediately upon it, making the ground tremble, and the "Golden Falcon" quiver to its foundation. Yet, through all the crash of the heavenly artillery, came the juggler's shrill, mocking laughter. But the laugh was checked suddenly, ending in an angry shriek, as he stretched forth his hand to take the paper from Fritz's hand, and saw for the first time that Gretchen held it pressed against her bosom with her left hand.

Before the echo of the peal of thunder that broke over the "Golden Falcon" had had time to die out in the hills, each member of the little



group of friends found himself in the full possession of the dearest wish of his heart. Let us see what pleasure it brought to them.

The most famous pastor in all Germany had just finished his discourse, in the large Church of St. Ursula, at Magdenheim. A dense crowd waited about the gates, to see the favorite preacher—to catch his eye, win a passing smile, or, perchance, some kind word of recognition. There came forth to them a little, shriveled old man, bent almost double, as with some great burden of care, and leaning on a stout staff, well needed to support his tottering steps. Long white locks hung down on his shoulders; his brow was corrugated with a thousand deep-scarred wrinkles; and his eyes were dim and lustreless, from tedious study and long watching.

All pressed around him, reverently and eagerly. Here was a woman who needed the good pastor's advice in some heavy family grief. There, a young enthusiast sought solutions of the doubts which oppressed his soul. Some came with earthly cares, some with vexations of soul, to find counsel from his lips. It was the public audience, as it were, of a minister—the minister of heaven.

At length, the old man was able to reach his dwelling, where he dismissed his companions with a blessing. And when the door was closed, and he was alone, he sank into his chair exhausted, almost lifeless.

"Oh, Lord of heaven!" said he, with a groan, raising his eyes despairingly, "let thy servant depart in peace! The burden is too great! All these souls have I to give account for, yet know not whether I lead them aright. I am tortured with doubt at times—my heart fails me, and I fear that I have not grasped the truth! And if I grasp it not, oh, Lord, how shall these poor souls, that do but cling to the skirts of my garment, be preserved? Let this burden be taken from me in Thy mercy, oh, Most Merciful!"

And this was Hans. He had wished to be the most famous pastor in all Germany, and now that his wish was fulfilled, he was the most miserable of mortals.

In the centre of the market-place at Bischoffstadt, stands a marble statue. Its brow is crowned with a laurel wreath, and its hand grasps a lyre. On the pedestal is inscribed, in golden letters, "Franz, the Silver Singer." The peasants, as they pass it, are singing the songs the dead poet wrote—the children recite his lines, as they look up at the fair white figure. His works, gorgeously bound and richly illustrated, are displayed in the shop-windows round the Platz. There is never a stranger passes near the town but contrives, somehow, to make a pilgrimage to the statue.

And within that image is imprisoned our poor Franz, of the "Golden Falcon." He had wished for the immortality of the first poet in Germany. He learnt that a man must be dead ere he is really held a famous poet; and, as he pined in that strange prison-house, he felt the mockery of fame.

"Cold, cold!" he murmured to his heart. "They look up at me with wonder, with awe, with envy—but there is no one gives me love. The touch of a warm, loving hand on my breast would thaw my icy prison—but no kind lover lays it there! Cold—cold, in this cold, white marble shroud!"

The chief professor of the University of Bischoffstadt passes across the sunlit Platz, and looks at the white marble figure. He gives a sigh; for it reminds him of his old friends, and the happy days they spent at the "Golden Falcon."

"Poor worms that we are!" said the philosopher to himself, bitterly. "We spent our lives in striving and toiling; we waste our golden youth, and fling away the good gifts of health and strength—and what do we get in return? Whitewash! For what is my marble statue but so many bushels of lime? Laurels, forsooth! Their active principle is prussic acid! Pahaw! what are we ourselves, at the best, but little pinches of dust, molded into clay with tears? The very earth we inhabit is but a hollow crust, scarcely big enough to bury us all!"

Carl had wished to be the leading philosopher of his time, and he reaped the bitter fruit of his wish. He led the philosophic minds of the country. But what a generalship was it that he held! Those he led envied and doubted him constantly; and the enemies against whom he led them were many, and cruel, and stubborn.

The two artists, Ludovic, the painter, and Heinrich, the sculptor—had wished for perfection in their respective arts. Their studios, in Wernburg, the art-capital of Germany, were situated close together. Their fates were similar, and sad enough.

Heinrich sat in his atelier alone. It was peopled by the magnificent creations of his genius—a pale and silent crowd. His works were admired, not purchased. They were too good for the popular taste. The judges could not but commend them, but the wealthy could not appreciate them. People said he ought to be employed on some great national work; but the great national works were given to sculptors who had friends at Court. So poor Heinrich worked on and starved.

"I will carve a monument to myself," said he to Ludovic; "it will be the only example of my work."

"How so?" interrupted the painter. "I thought you said the other day you should leave the contents of your studio to the nation!"

"True, friend; but do you not know that they will be put away somewhere until there is time to build a proper receptacle for them, and the time will never come? But how fares the great picture, Ludovic?"

"It stands where it stood when you last saw it. I cannot pay for models."

Yes, the painter was as little in the sunshine of

popular favor as the sculptor. His subjects were too lofty, his style was too grand for the people. "Paint us babies, or children on rocking horses, or pretty girls picking nosegays, and we can buy," said the picture-dealers. But Ludovic held to his purpose, and worked at his great pictures until he was starving; and then he was driven to paint babies, and chubby brats, and pretty fools, for a meal.

The Prime Minister was at his desk in his study. A careworn, lean man was he—one who slept little, and rested less. There was the glitter of fever in his eye—the fever of a brain for ever busy. He wrote hastily, pausing ever and anon to press his weary forehead.

He was a solitary man. Sycophants and toadies there were around him, indeed, in countless swarms—but he had no friend. The First Minister dared not to show any preferences; and the honest and true, who might have been his friends, held aloof, lest their motives should be suspected. The king, who should have shown him favor, hated him, for he thwarted the royal will when it was inclined to become despotic.

There never was a man in this world so lonely as his Excellency Count Fritz.

As he paused a while in his writing, to dip his weary right hand in an alabaster shell of perfumed or medicated water, to refresh the cramped muscles, he heard a stir, and the sound of voices in the ante-chamber.

"His Excellency will see no one!" This was the voice of Haller, his confidential servant—the man who had the special privilege of robbing his master and mulcting those who desired an audience.

"It is of life and death!" pleaded a woman's voice. "It is for his welfare!"

"That would be but a poor plea with him; his own affairs come last into consideration."

"But it concerns the welfare of his dearest friends!" urged the soft voice.

"His Excellency has no friends," replied Haller.

"Too true!" said the Prime Minister, with a deep sigh. "Let us see the meaning of this," he added, as he rose and went to the door. Opening it, he called to his servant, "Let this person pass, Haller!" And immediately a young girl rushed into the room and flung herself at his feet. He raised her—it was Gretchen!

Poor Gretchen! In his ambitious career, he had had no time to think of her. He had hardly noticed that wherever he went, her pale face was always to be seen—that her eyes watched him, sadly, pitifully, mournfully—that she only lived to be near him—to breathe the air he breathed, and to feel blessed when his shadow, even, fell on her in passing.

And what had her wish been? She should have wished to be happy in her love—to become Fritz's wife—but there was no such selfish thought in her pure heart. She had wished for the well-being of the man she loved—for that, and nothing more; nothing for herself—all for him!

And it was on this account that she was come now. She had ever kept that mysterious document she had placed in her hand at the "Golden Falcon." It was written in strange characters she could not decipher, and it was only the last night, when her father-confessor chanced to ask to see it, that she had learned its purport. It was a compact with the Evil One, drawn up in the Greek character; and its purport was, that those who appended their names to it, agreed to sell their souls to him in consideration of their obtaining the realization of their chief wish in this world. The priest had bidden her not to let it out of her possession for a moment, since the fiend could not obtain it while it was in such pure and virtuous keeping.

In a few hurried words she explained this to Fritz. What was his wish? Should she destroy it? The holy father had told her with its destruction would cease the realization of the wishes. "Thank heaven for that!" said the weary Prime Minister. "Let me help to destroy it."

They held the accursed paper each by a corner, and thrust it into the fire. It caught light, shriveled, and burnt to tinder with a sharp, crackling blaze. For a moment the tinder retained its original shape, then a red burst of sparks came, a blue tongue of flame shot up with a loud report, and immediately an appalling burst of thunder rolled overhead.

And then—Well, and what then? Why, as the noise of the peal died away in the hills, the six students in the upper guest-chamber of the "Golden Falcon" were assembled again. It seemed as if they had been dozing, and that the thunder had waked them.

"Where is he gone?" asked one.

"Ay, where?" said another.

"Let us have lights!" cried a third.

Gretchen struck a match, and set light to the wax-tapers.

The lady rubbed their eyes, wondered for a moment, then remembered what they had wished, and what they had won.

"Thank heaven!" they all exclaimed, with heartfelt devotion, as they realized their emancipation.

"Come hither, Gretchen, my beloved!" cried Fritz, leaping to his feet.

She came toward him, blushing and trembling. He took her by the hand, and drew her to his side, placing his arm round her.

"Friends and brothers, this is my little bride that is to be!"

They all shouted joyfully, and cried out blessings on the pretty maiden.

"Henceforth, darling," whispered Fritz, "I have but one wish—for your love!"

An Italian inn-keeper confessed to a priest, who asked him if he never greased the teeth of his guests' horses to prevent their eating. He replied that he had never done so. The next time he confessed that he had committed the act several times. "Why," said the priest, "you told me the last time that you had never done it." "Holy father," replied the inn-keeper, "I did not know the trick then."

### Sir John Franklin's Expedition.

Dr. GOULD, of Dublin, who has been during the past two years in the Polar regions, furnishes some interesting information in relation to the expedition of Captain Hall in search of the traces of Sir John Franklin:

"Dr. Gould arrived at New London, Ct., a few days since, on board a whaling ship from Cumberland Inlet, and states that in August, 1867, he spent some time with Mr. Hall, who was then at Repulse Bay. Mr. Hall has traced the fate directly of the two last survivors of Sir John Franklin's party, and has obtained valuable information regarding the relics and some records reported by the natives to have been left by the lost expedition in King William's Land. Captain Hall learned from some of the Esquimaux, in 1866, that about two years prior to that time Captain Crozier and one of the Franklin crew had died in the neighborhood of Southampton Inlet, while endeavoring to make their way to that place, in the belief that they would be there able to meet a whaler to convey them back to England, or, in fact, anywhere, to escape from their Arctic prison.

"Captain Hall is confident of the identity of Captain Crozier with one of the men so described to have perished, as the natives not only gave Captain Crozier's name, but were in possession of certain articles that belonged to him and to his companion. Mr. Hall obtained from these Esquimaux Captain Crozier's watch, a gold chronometer, made by Arnold & Dent, of London, besides some small articles of silver and trinkets belonging to their outfit. These relics Mr. Hall now holds, and they have been seen and handled by Dr. Gould. Captain Crozier's companion, who died with him, is believed to have been a steward of either the Erebus or Terror, as the natives say he was a server of food, but could not recollect his name.

"The natives also state that they have among them, near Southampton Inlet, a piece of gold lace and a piece of gold bullion which belonged to Captain Crozier, and is believed to have formed part of one of his epaulets. They also stated that a number of others had started with Captain Crozier from a place very far north, to reach Southampton Inlet, but had perished one by one on the way. They have been passed from one band of Enebits to the other, and when Captain Crozier had passed through two tribes the natives say all further traces were lost, but Captain Hall himself traced the remainder there. Captain Hall also says: 'The opinions most entertained is that the natives killed them.' They say themselves there was no difficulty in Captain Crozier getting through, because he was accounted among the natives a first-rate hunter for that country, and could at all times keep himself in food.

"The records which Captain Hall hopes to be able to secure are in King William's hand, and considerable difficulty is anticipated in the effort to reach them. According to native information the six last survivors built a cairn or rude vault of stones on the rocks, and deposited within it some documents and such articles as they had no further use for, or would have been an encumbrance on their journey. For some time past King William and his tribe have been hostile toward the native followers of King Albert, who inhabit the region about Repulse Bay, where Mr. Hall was quartered, and would allow no incursions into their country. The place where this cairn is described to be situated is about four hundred and fifty miles northward from Repulse Bay; and in order to reach it Captain Hall has formed an alliance with Albert and his people, and together with his own escort of Europeans, was preparing an expedition of about ninety persons to march in quest of the records.

"It was Mr. Hall's intention to start in February or March of this year, and he had already accumulated supplies of provisions and other necessities for the purpose. His force will consist of five Caucasians, besides himself, and the remainder would be composed of Albert's men. Of the whites accompanying him, two were Irishmen, one German, one Englishman, and one Swede, all of whom were recruited by him from the crew of the Pioneer, which was wrecked in the summer of 1867 at King's Cape. These men are all armed with revolvers and shotguns, and it was mainly through reliance on the Europeans and their weapons that the Albert men were induced to participate in the incursion. Alone they would be unable to cope with King William's forces, who number about two hundred, and could be assembled in a month.

"Captain Hall would offer no molestation to King William's people, but, if opposed, would give them battle if necessary, as he was determined to obtain the records of the lost explorers if possible. He would be accompanied also by 'Joe' and 'Hannah,' the two Esquimaux or Enebits who, it will be remembered, were a few years ago educated in this country, and exhibited in this city. 'Joe' and 'Hannah' are man and wife, and now form part of Captain Hall's retinue or household, affording him valuable assistance, through their knowledge of the English language, in communicating with various tribes of natives, with whose dialects and peculiarities they are familiar. The entire distance it was expected would have to be traversed on sledges drawn by dogs, of which useful motive-power Mr. Hall has an abundant stock.

"It was Mr. Hall's determination, if successful in finding the cairn, and no unforeseen circumstances or obstacles intervened, to press still further forward, and if possible reach the open Polar Sea, and perhaps return by way of Behring Strait. If impeded, he expected to return from his expedition to King William's Land about September of 1868, and take up his quarters for the winter at Repulse Bay. Last year he wintered in this locality, and at the time Dr. Gould saw him was in 66 degrees 28 minutes north latitude, and longitude 81 degrees 5 minutes west."

### DEATH OF A PARISIAN CELEBRITY.

A PARIS letter says: "The Persian of the Italian Opera was found yesterday dead in his bed by his servant. You will remember him, as he sat in the corner box on the right of the stage, his high-peaked astrachan cap, with its little tuft of white, so drawn over his face that his eyes were the only features visible, for his soft silvery beard concealed the rest of his face, and his person was completely enveloped in his vast robe of fine black cloth; his small, delicately-shaped hands crossed and hidden in the wide sleeves of this truly Eastern garment. The pale features and strange look of resignation of the Persian prince were familiar to us, as he daily drove along the Champs Elysées to take his solitary drive in the Bois. For twenty-five years the existence of this singular Oriental has never varied. Every night he was to be seen, either at the Opera or the Italiens, and, when these were closed, at the Opera Comique. The sphinx-like impassibility of his countenance has never been known to change, whether the audiences of which he formed an item, under the impulse of a Patti, or a Faure, or a Grisi, or a Mario, or an Alboni, or a Gardoni, frantically applauded or energetically hissed the idol of the hour. The same unmoved expression and motionless figure remained in his lodge till the curtain dropped, and then stealthily glided along the corridors till he reached his carriage.

"Prince Ismael, for so he was called, contributed some articles on Oriental literature to *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, and on one occasion, when asked by M. Garcin de Passy, the Professor of Oriental Languages of the College de France, why he was invariably clad in black, he replied by a quotation from Horace. For twenty-six years he occupied the same apartment in the Rue de Rivoli, opposite the gardens, attended by the same servant, whose duty it has been to open, read, and consume all letters addressed to him. Thus he never allowed events, whether of public or private life, to disturb the even tenor of his existence. His carriages belonged to him, but his horses were hired, and his meals supplied to him by a restaurateur. He read the *Times*, *Fraser's*, the *Quarterly*, and several Asiatic papers. He died as he lived, alone, without revealing the secret of his life, which, however, must be well known at Teheran."

### QUEEN ELEANOR'S MIXTURE.

"You may swallow worse things than opinions, Mr. Aloes (said the parson, good-naturedly). I was calling this morning on a certain well-known gem collector, who was so good as to show me the contents of his cabinet. After the first half dozen specimens, my attention began to wander; for a very little of that sort of thing goes a great way with me.

"What is that little bottle you keep among your gems?" inquired I.

"That is my Queen Eleanor's mixture," said he, laughing. "But for it I should not be in possession of yonder ruby, the value of which is over a thousand pounds."

"What!" cried I, "do you mean to say it is artificial? I thought that the notion of manufacturing gems was a popular superstition?"

"So it is, parson," said he; "but nevertheless I am indebted to the mixture for that ruby. The fact is this: My collection is too well known by half. I don't mind showing it to an old friend like you, and of course I am proud of all these things; but I have, in a general way, to keep too sharp an eye upon my visitors to make the exhibition pleasant. People whom I know nothing about, call upon me and present a card of some friend of mine, and say, 'Mr. So-and-so assured me you would be so kind as to let me see your gems.' Two men came together upon one occasion with the purpose (as afterward appeared) of what they called 'putting the jug' on me—that means garrote and robbery, but I did not like their looks, and declined to show them anything without a letter of introduction. They had, as it afterward turned out, stolen the card of a professor of mineralogy. I am not, however, afraid of a single visitor, because I always keep this handy." And my friend produced a pretty little pistol, cocked, and, I have no doubt, loaded.

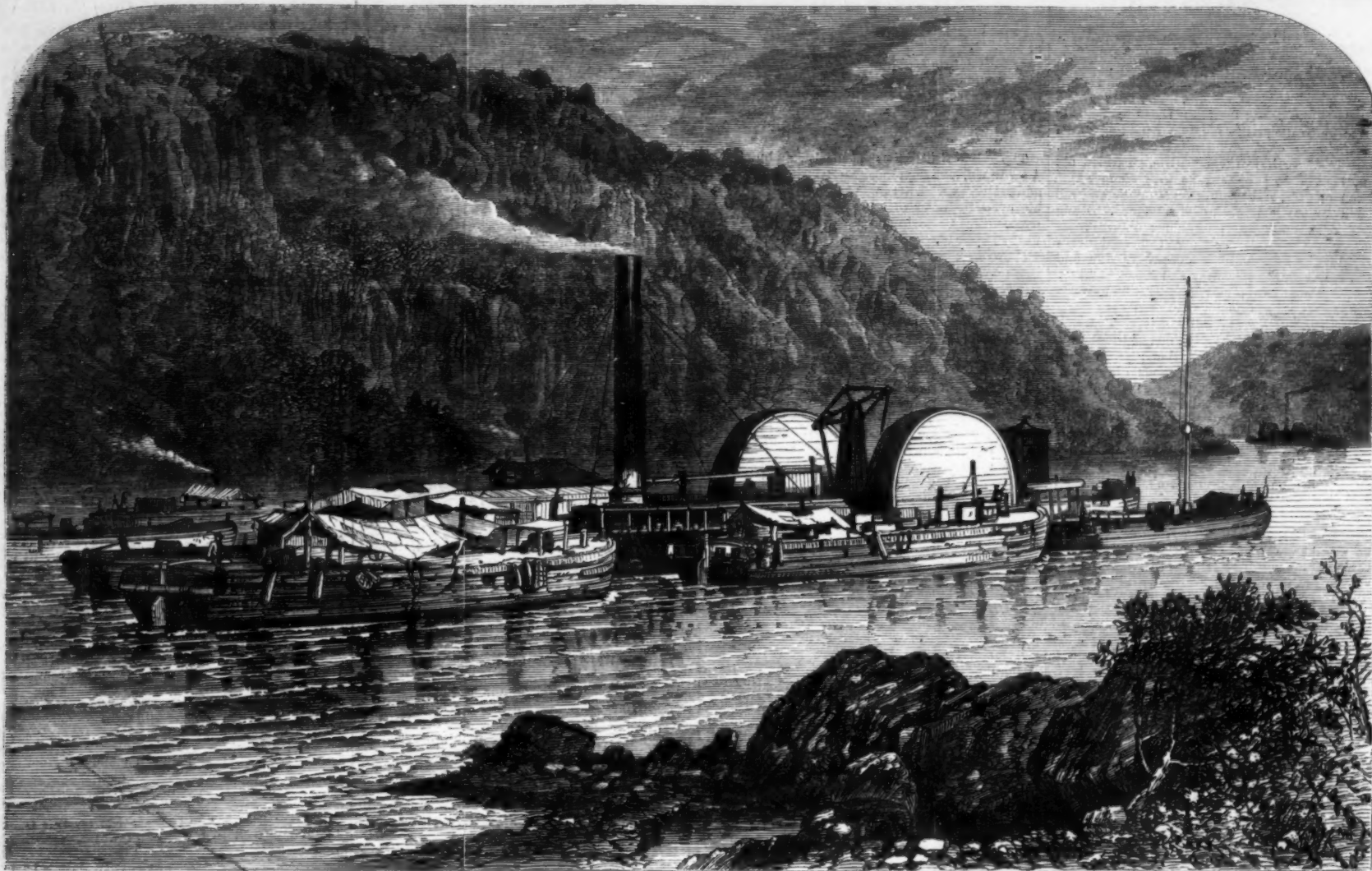
"But the bottle," said I, "what is the use of that?" "That is the supplement to the pistol. Thus, only yesterday, a very ill-looking fellow, a foreigner, all hair and false jewelry—and a very foolish thing of him it was to come to me with paste diamonds in his shirt-front—brought a letter of introduction with him from a friend of mine at Dresden. The letter was genuine; but I had my doubts from the first as to whether this was the gentleman to whom it referred. However, I brought him in here, and showed him the gems. He made some very commonplace observations, which convinced me he knew nothing of the subject, and after thanking me in a somewhat servile manner for my courtesy, took up his hat to go. I slipped between him and the door, and locked it in a second. 'My ruby,' said I, 'if you please, or you're a dead man.' And I put the pistol to his forehead. That little stone, which I have said is valued at above a thousand pounds, was missing. Instead of being indignant, my gentleman merely answered:

"Indeed you are mistaken, sir. You may call your servant, and examine every pocket."

"I know that, you scoundrel," returned I. "You have swallowed that ruby; now drink this or die." I held the weapon in one hand, and the mixture, which is an emetic, in the other. The situation was very disagreeable for him, I have no doubt, but did not seem to be at all embarrassing. He shrank from the pistol (or at least the police station, which was its alternative), and took the physic like a lamb, while I stood over him with the weapon, and the bowl (that little white basin yonder), exactly as Queen Eleanor stood over fair Rosamond. That's why I call it Eleanor's Mixture: a decoction, without which no gem cabinet of any value can be pronounced complete. When I miss a specimen, I always know at once that some visitor has swallowed it, and then, you know, he has to swallow this." And I call that worse than swallowing opinions, Mr. Bitter Aloes, concluded Parson Gray.

TORTURE IN RUSSIA.—M. Emilio Andreoli, who took part in the last Polish insurrection, and, on his capture by the Russians, was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in Siberia, has just published in the *Revue Moderne*, the first part of his prison recollections. "I was told," he remarks, "that on two or three occasions an electric battery had been made use of by the Russian police to loosen the tongues of the prisoners who refused to answer the questions put to them, which shows that the Russian Government is one of progress, and knows how to turn the discoveries of science to account. After all, this was not more cruel than the torture of the herring. I knew several who underwent the latter, and they told me that nothing could compare with the sufferings they endured. They were confined in a well-warmed apartment, salted herring, with bread and water, for the first few days being their only food. If they refused to answer the questions of the examining commissioners, the bread was first of all withdrawn, and then the water, whereupon the torture of intense thirst commenced, depriving the sufferer of all moral strength, and even making him abandon the resolution which he had formed to die. Very rarely did any one remain mute when brought before the commissioners a second time. The sittings were usually at night, in a splendidly lighted apartment, with refreshments of all kinds temptingly displayed on the side-tables. The president would usually be most gracious. 'By-and-by,' he would say, 'we will, if you like, ask you to have something to drink with us.' The fever and the vertigo caused the prisoners to lose their reason, and they generally yielded. Hunger would not have brought about the same result as thirst, which coarsens the tongue even far more readily than drunkenness does."





A VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.

## A VIEW ON THE HUDSON RIVER, N. Y.

THE contrast between the scenery and characteristics of the rivers of the North and South is well exhibited in our two engravings, representations, the one, of a view on the Hudson, and the other, a scene on the Rigolets, in Louisiana. The scenery of the Hudson, unrivaled in its attributes of grandeur and romance, affords innumerable opportunities for the pencil of the artist to portray the charms of nature. Those who have traveled on this magnificent stream with an appreciation of the loveliness unveiled at every turn, will recognize the fidelity of our picture.

## The Little Temple, on the Rigolets, Louisiana.

THE Little Temple, a bank of shells situated on the Rigolets, in the Parish of Jefferson, is perhaps one of the greatest natural curiosities in Louisiana. It is an immense mound, rising from a salt marsh a distance of about fifty feet, and covering several acres, composed entirely of shells, smaller than, but much resembling, our ordinary clams.

The Temple is famous as the stronghold of the celebrated pirate Lafitte, and here, tradition has it, is secreted the immense treasure of that notorious character. So strong was this belief in the minds of persons residing in the vicinity, that several parties have been

organized to dig for the hoard. More recently it was occupied by the United States forces, who erected a fort here for the protection of the approaches to New Orleans by Bayou Barrataria. It is thought in former times to have been a camping-place of a powerful tribe of Indians. How the millions of barrels of shells that are here accumulated ever were collected, is of course a mystery. From here the magnificent levee and shell roads of the Crescent City receive the snowy coverings that make them the *ac plus ultra* of thoroughfares.

Messrs. Henry S. Armstrong and George W. Venable, of the firm of H. S. Armstrong & Co., have control of this bank, and are at present engaged in filling the large demands for shells made by the city.

The steamboat *Scioto* (lying at the bank) devotes her entire time to towing bargeloads of shells to New Orleans. Taking into consideration the fact that 3,000 barrels are delivered daily, which meet a ready sale at forty cents per barrel, one can form some idea of the extent of this unusual branch of commerce. It employs about two hundred laborers, two steamboats, and about twenty barges.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S nephew was a clergyman; whenever he had performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, he always refused the fee, saying: "Go your ways, poor wretches; I have done you mischief enough already."

## NAPOLEON'S COUP D'ETAT.

NEW AND CURIOUS REVELATIONS.

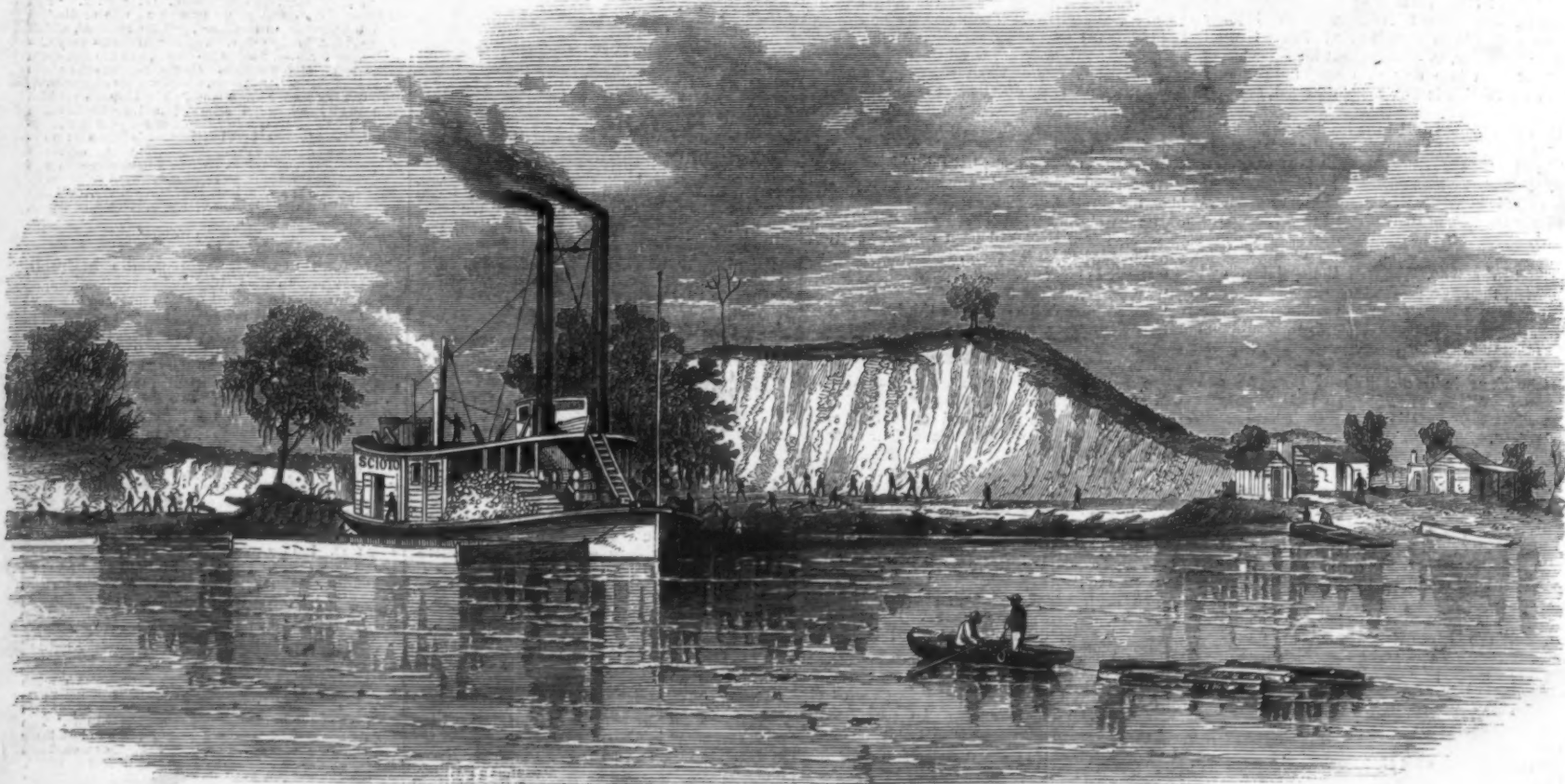
A FRENCH writer by the name of Tenot has written a history of the *coup d'etat*, compiled from authentic documents, which gives many new and startling details of the outrages committed by the troops under the authority of Napoleon. Among other horrible incidents he tells the following story:

"When a column of troops ordered to put down the insurgents in the Var reached Salernes, there were eighty prisoners chained in the rear. At Salernes the officer in command resolved to execute a prisoner, a weaver named Giraud, and also another man from Vernon, called Antoine N—, who seems to have been selected for death for no better reason than that he was accidentally coupled with Giraud. The column marched on toward Lorgues, leaving these two prisoners behind at the mayoralty. Shortly afterward they were brought out into the high road near the Saint-Clair chapel. A gendarme belonging to the Luc brigade had received orders to shoot them both with his own hand. This gendarme knew Giraud intimately. He came up to him pistol in hand, and said, 'Giraud, you will forgive what I am obliged to do; but I am soldier, and must obey orders.' Giraud replied: 'I do forgive you; but make haste, and let me not suffer.' They exchanged a few

more words, and even kissed each other. The gendarme then put the muzzle of the pistol to Giraud's ear and pulled the trigger. Giraud fell. A second later his companion, Antoine N—, was shot, and fell also. The gendarme and the men under his orders then got on horseback and galloped after the column. It turned out that neither of the men left for dead was mortally injured. Giraud, who was wounded in the back of the neck, had strength enough to get back on foot to Luc, where his wife secretly nursed him, while publicly she went into mourning, and had masses said for his soul. As soon as he recovered he took refuge in Piedmont, and the part which he took in the insurrection was so insignificant, that at the end of a year he came back without question, under an amnesty. Antoine N— also recovered, but was stone deaf for the rest of his life, and he died some years ago. Giraud is now a baker at Arcos, and it is from his lips that the historian learned the above particulars.

"M. Tenot goes on to recount the execution of four other men near Draguignan, of whom one, a lad of seventeen, named Gayol, was shot by mistake.

"Retrospective anecdotes of this kind, which for years were left almost exclusively to Mr. Kinglake, are now not only eagerly read in France, but there is a disposition to sift them thoroughly, and hunt out the evidence upon which they depend. M. Tenot's book is in great demand."



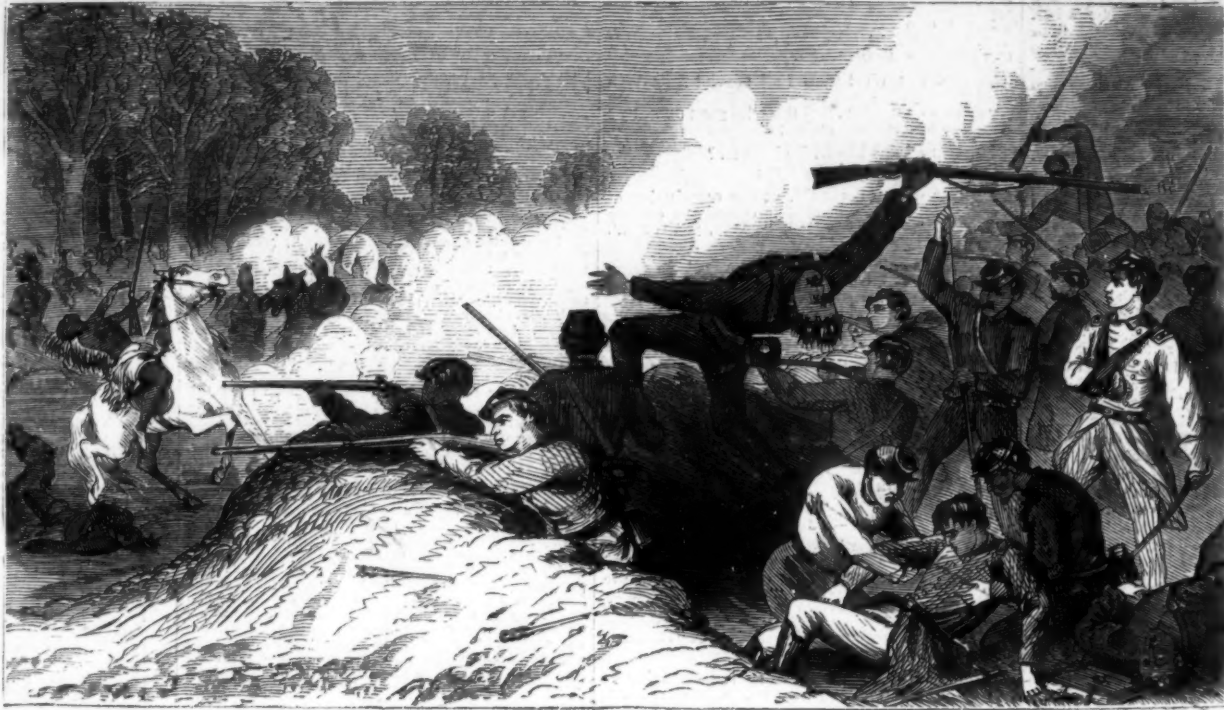
THE LITTLE TEMPLE, ON THE RIGOLETS, NEAR NEW ORLEANS, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



## HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &amp;c.

HOME INCIDENTS.  
Attack on Colonel  
Forsythe's Camp,  
Republican River,  
Kansas.

The camp of Colonel Forsythe, on the north fork of the Republican river, Kansas, was attacked by a party of Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoe Indians, on Friday, September 26th, the object of the assault being evidently to gain possession of a large amount of commissary stores that had just been received at that place. The fight is described as the most desperate that has ever taken place on the plains, the Indians making charge after charge, and sometimes coming within fifty feet of the men. The island on which the troops were stationed having only a few bushes, the men were almost entirely exposed, their only defenses being breastworks of sand. These were thrown up with their hands, the men having no entrenching tools. The party were frequently obliged to suspend their work to resist the attacks of the Indians,



ATTACK ON COLONEL FORSYTHE'S CAMP, REPUBLICAN RIVER, KANSAS.

sober men, and the funeral procession was made up of over fifty carriages, containing friends of the deceased, citizens, and a body of 200 miners.

## An Owl in a Fix.

A few weeks ago a gentleman living near Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio, saw an owl flying over his farm with a large steel trap hanging to one of its legs, and several days after, while examining his crops, found the dead body of the owl lying in one corner of his lot, the steel trap still fastened to its leg. Curiosity led the farmer to inquire if any of his neighbors owned steel traps, and if they had set them recently, when, instead of receiving a solution to what he considered a wonder, he learned that no one in the vicinity owned a trap similar to the one found on the owl. It was supposed that the bird had been caught by the trap in an adjoining town, and being a very stout old fellow, had carried it about with him until an inflammation in his leg, resulting from the wound, had caused his death.



AN ASTONISHED ARTIST.

who made several charges, and rode around the breastworks. The attacking party numbered from 600 to 700, and were well armed with Spencer carbines and Henry rifles. It is estimated that they fired 10,000 rounds of rifle shots, besides discharging a great quantity of arrows, as the ground in the vicinity was thickly strewn with the latter. But little fighting was done on the second day after that, though a portion of the Indians remained in the vicinity several days, but no attack was made by them.

her and gasped out, "Oh, miss, your lovely blonde hair. I am dying to paint it." The lady, with a quick movement, put her hand to her head, and then holding it out, with her hair, at arm's length, exclaimed, "Take it! there it is! send it back when you are through with it, and stop staring at my window; my husband is dreadfully jealous, and will thrash you for your impudence."

## Crushed in the Mines.

On Thursday, September 24th, four young English-



A DUEL ON HORSEBACK.

## An Astonished Artist.

A young artist, who recently located his studio in the upper part of New York city, became enamored with a beautiful lady, who was to be seen at all hours of the day sitting by a window, on the opposite side of the street. He noticed particularly her long, raven curls, and considered that the head that bore such luxurious locks would make a most excellent model for a picture he was about tracing on his canvas. Seeing the lady promenading in the street one afternoon, he ran toward

men were engaged in boring in the iron mines at Mount Hope, N. J., when a large rock, estimated to weigh at least 175 tons, became dislodged, and fell upon them before they could effect their escape. The noise of the fall attracted the attention of the other miners, and they immediately set to work, removing the stone, and searching for the remains of their unfortunate associates. The bodies were not recovered until the following Sunday, owing to the necessity of frequently blasting the rock. The victims were industrious and



CRUSHED IN THE MINES.



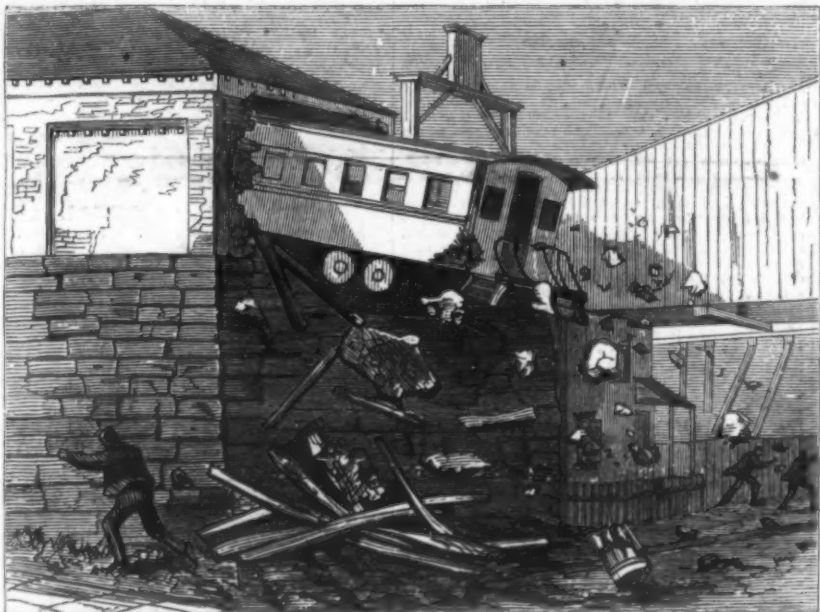
A KU-KLUX ADVENTURE.



SHOT BY HER BROTHER.



AN OWL IN A FIX.



SINGULAR RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT NEWARK, N. J.



AN UNWELCOME GUEST.



## An Unwelcome Guest.

A large banded rattlesnake crawled unseen into a farmer's house near Council Bluffs, Mo., on a recent Saturday afternoon, and concealed itself under a barn. On the Sunday following, the farmer and his wife were quietly enjoying themselves reading, when the snake crawled out, got unperceived under the woman's crinoline, and twisted its head around her leg from the ankle to the knee. Thinking the intruder was her favorite kitten, the lady took no notice of it, until at length she raised her dress to drive the supposed pet away, when she saw the snake twisted around her leg. She remained perfectly quiet, and in a short time the snake uncoiled itself, and then twisted about her foot. The shoe fitted loosely, and she cautiously withdrew her foot, and bounded from the room. Her husband then attacked the reptile, and after a hard struggle, killed it.

## A Ku-Klux Adventure.

The Booneville (Mo.) Eagle, of a recent date, contains the following reliable account of the latest Ku-Klux horror perpetrated in Missouri: "A few days ago our county surveyor, with numerous assistants, was engaged in running the line of some lands on the edge of Monticello township, and in approaching a house, sent a man ahead with a red flag. The operations were anxiously watched by an old gentleman and several of the weaker sex from the house. Fear and dismay were on the countenances as they stood and gazed, trembling, on the movements of the party. The flagman approached near the house, paused, and waved his blood-red flag in many and mysterious ways. The surveyor halted at the signal, planted his instrument firmly on the ground, and leveled it at the house. At this a wild yell broke from the anxious and terrified occupants of the house. The flagman dropped his banner, and ran with all his speed to see what was the matter. As he rushed frantically into the house, an old man and woman fell on their knees and commenced begging piteously for their lives. The flagman tried in vain to quiet them, but they would not be quieted, declaring, 'You cannot fool us, we've heard of you Ku-Kluxers.' Soon the old man was made to see the matter in the right light, and the females never ceased their trying until the surveying party was out of sight."

## Shot by her Brother.

A very sad affair occurred in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on the evening of September 26th. A young lady named Arionne Almonia Bunnell was standing at the doorway of her father's residence, No. 89 Catharine street, with a kitten in her arms. Her parents were both absent, and she was waiting for them to come to the evening meal. Her brother, Charles Henry Bunnell, aged about sixteen years, came up-stairs from the basement to where his sister stood. She inquired if he was in a hurry for his supper, to which he gave a negative response. She replied, "Well, then, we will wait till ma comes." Young Bunnell then took from his pocket a small single-barreled brace-loading pistol, and started to go up-stairs to put it in his trunk. Just as he reached the first step in the flight the pistol dropped on the floor. His sister asked him if it was loaded; he told her no, and inquired if he should shoot her out, at the same time raising the weapon and pointing it at the animal; she made some simple answer, when he pulled the trigger and the pistol went off, the ball entering the poor girl's neck; she turned around, grasping one of her arms, stepped from the stoop into the short hall, and advanced to the front parlor, where she uttered only the word "Oh!" fell into her brother's arms, and then to the floor, two ladies who saw the sad occurrence from an open window opposite hurried to the spot to give all the assistance in their power. Soon after the mother arrived, and then the father, and the scene that followed beggars description.

## A Duel on Horseback.

A bloody affray took place near Oakville, Texas, on the 22d ult., between two farmers, named Williams and Brown, in consequence of a dispute about a drove of heaves. Some angry words occurred at first, which culminated in the drawing of weapons, which were heavy dragon six-shooters. Both parties being mounted, at each successive shot they charged up closer to their dreadful work. Mr. Brown's firing was wild, owing, no doubt, to the fact that he received a mortal shot from Williams's first fire, although he sat on his horse firmly, until shot the third time through the body, which, entering the heart, he fell a corpse on the instant. Williams was unhurt, but his horse was shot through the head, and was fractious and unruly during the fight. Both parties had numbers of well-armed friends on the ground, but no assistance or interference was offered. It is an evidence of an unfortunate state of affairs, that men forty years of age must draw their weapons to decide questions of property.

## Shocking Railroad Accident at Newark, N. J., Saturday Evening, Sept. 26th.

A terrible railroad accident occurred on the Morris and Essex Railroad, at Newark, N. J., at about seven o'clock, Saturday evening, Sept. 26th, caused by a coal train of thirty cars coming with an engine, and being thrown from the track. The heavily-loaded cars were coming down a steep grade commencing at Roseville and ending at the depot in Newark—a distance of about one mile. The locomotive Sequanock was being backed into the large paint-shop near the depot. The signals were given on the coal-train to apply the breaks, but owing to the wet condition of the track, and the immense load pushing on the inefficient engine, it was found to be impossible to stop the train. The firemen and brakemen, seeing that a smash-up was impending, jumped from the train, but the engineer manfully stood at his post. The train came dashing down at a fearful pace, and collided with the Sequanock with such force as to throw the engine of the coal-train from the track. Rushing on like an avalanche, it struck a dwelling-house at the corner of Spring and Division streets, occupied by a family named Conkling, tearing away nearly half of the building. On striking the house the tender was upset, and the heavy coal-cars were piled indiscriminately upon the engine and engine-tender, and a part of them run into the dwelling-house. The cars were struck with such force, that one of them was actually forced through the substantial brick walls of the shop, its outer end hanging in the air, above Ogden street, at a height of fifty feet above the ground, the paint-shop being built upon the hill on a level with the track, which is so, that point fifty feet higher than the street. Matthew Nichols, the engineer, who lost his life in nobly doing his duty, by remaining on his engine, had been in the employ of the company for many years, and had been a member of a New Jersey regiment in the Union army during four years of the war.

"What is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a recent school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and jam on it."

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A HARD look to unfathom (except in Chicago) —Wedlock.

Some one says the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go, is to travel that way occasionally himself.

A MAN out West who had served four days as a jurymen, says: "I am so full of law, that it is with great difficulty I refrain from cheating somebody."

Why is a bald head like heaven? Because there's no parting there.

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of the song, "There's a good time coming," a country farmer got up and exclaimed, "Mister, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

PHAX, poleshman," said a saucy jade from the Emerald Isle, "why do you wear that white thing round one of your wrists?"

"To show we are on duty," was his reply.

"Oh, by the powers, I thought it was because ye didn't know yer right hand from yer left," said the ally minx.

A LECTURER addressing an English audience, contended with tireless prolixity that art could not improve nature, until one of his hearers, losing all patience, set the room in a roar by exclaiming "How would you look without your wig?"

Six large weddings are announced for October in New York, two of which promise to be unusually large and brilliant, and at which new features will be introduced during the marriage ceremony at the church.

THE Female Picnic Association, composed of a number of pretty New Haven girls, who, for five years, have had annual picnics in the woods all by themselves, with no horrid men around to molest or make afraid, has been discontinued, but the members are to have a reunion five years hence as "old maids or widows."

ECONOMY led a man in Ohio to be sparing of grease for his threshing machine. Friction caused it to take fire and burn up two hundred and fifty bushels of wheat and one hundred bushels of oats.

A WOMAN was giving evidence in a certain case, when she was asked by the lawyer:

"Was the young woman virtuous previous to this affair?"

"Virtuous? Yes."

"Was she chaste?"

"Chaste? she was chaste about a quarter of a mile."

WHY should the British Government strive to abolish the use of the shillalah in Ireland? Because it militates against the security of the crown.

Two brothers, coming to be executed for some enormous crime, the eldest was turned off without a word. The other, mounting the ladder, began to harangue the crowd, whose ears were open to hear him.

"Good people," said he, "my brother hangs before my face, and you see what a lamentable spectacle he makes; in a few moments I shall be turned off, too, and then you'll see a pair of spectacles."

## POCKET TIME-KEEPERS.

American and Foreign Watches—The Great Establishment at Waltham, Mass.

WHEN Alexander Dumas, père, was in Florence, many years ago, he was greatly annoyed by the irregularity of the city clocks. No two of them went alike, and as there were several dozens of them, they would strike the same hour, one after another, in the most bewildering manner. Thus about noon one would hear the merry clock commence striking twelve, just as the latest was leaving off at eleven; and so on all day.

"Why don't you keep your clocks in order?" he demanded of a Florentine loungee in a café; "how can you know the time of day?"

"Why," responded the Florentine, "what the devil do you want to know the time of day for?"

Now, Americans, like Dumas, do want to know how the day passes, and consequently are immensely interested in the subject of clocks and watches. They have always been famous for the excellence of their common household clocks, of wood or brass mechanism; but their best watches they have, until recently, been compelled to import. This is all changed now, and Americans have no longer any need to send abroad for pocket time-keepers. They can find them at home, of home manufacture, and of the highest excellence and elegance.

Until within a very few years, a Swiss watch was generally supposed to be the most perfect specimen of a pocket time-keeper, and no one dreamed that any material improvement could be made in its delicate and ingenious workmanship. Great stress was laid on the fact that every part was cut by hand. Workmen were trained from boyhood to make a particular rivet, or wheel; and as they never did anything else, each man was supposed to reach absolute perfection in his part of the manufacture, and so to contribute to the making of a perfect watch. Undoubtedly the best and most expensive Swiss watches deserve their high reputation; but this can be said of a very small proportion only of the immense number manufactured in that country, and sent by thousands over Europe and to the United States. So far from insuring accuracy, in the lower-priced watches, the Swiss or hand system of manufacture is liable in many kinds of imperfection. Where the different parts of a mechanism so delicate and complicated are cut laboriously by hand, in different places and without concert, and then sent to the finisher's to be polished, fitted together and set up, it almost necessarily results that these pieces vary in some degree, and can never be so precisely alike as to render it possible to substitute one piece for another. And it must be remembered that in a mechanism so delicate as that of a fine watch, a variation too slight to be appreciated, except with the aid of the most powerful microscope, will make all the difference in the world between a good time-keeper and a bad one. The watches on which the high reputation of the Swiss manufacture is based, are made by the most careful and painstaking selection of the material thus brought together, and such watches have, until recently, had no superiors as time-keepers. But the ordinary Swiss watch is very apt to be imperfect, and to need constant repair, as every one knows who carries one. A common watch, unless its owner is of a free and easy disposition, and careless whether he is told the truth or a lie about the lapse of time, spends half its existence at the repairer's shop, and requires to be regulated at short intervals.

The inherent imperfections of the Swiss system are avoided by the American system of manufacture by machinery. At first sight this looks like an impossibility. Machine work has always been discredited by the side of hand work, especially where delicate workmanship is required. Our ideas of machinery are connected with ponderous tasks—the propelling of ships, the crushing of rock, the hoisting of immense weights, the manufacture of large and comparatively gross objects—and we naturally connect fine work with the delicacy of the trained eye and skilful hand. But an American inventor has succeeded in overcoming the difficulties in the way of machine work, as applied to the manufacture of the minutest parts of the most delicate mechanism in the world.

The idea was suggested by the successful application of machinery to the manufacture of the Springfield musket. He believed it was possible to make machinery by which all the parts of the most delicate watch could be manufactured with absolute perfection. After years of experiment, and many failures and disappointments, the task was successfully accomplished, and now we have American watches, from the lowest to the highest price, as nearly perfect as time-keepers as human skill and ingenuity can make them.

The advantages of the American system are many and important. Every part of the watch is cut by the aid of machinery graduated to microscopic exactness, and working with a delicacy of touch which the fingers of the most skillful workmen strive in vain to emulate. Every piece is thus multiplied thousands of times without the smallest appreciable difference, even under the microscope. Every wheel, pinion, jewel and pivot is numbered and registered, and can be forwarded from the manufactory to any part of the world, with the absolute certainty that it will answer the purpose for which it was designed.

The manufactory of the American Watch Company is situated at Waltham, Mass. It is charmingly located on the banks of the Charles River, the former site at Roxbury having been abandoned on account of the light and dusty nature of the soil in that region, which materially interfered with and injured the delicate machinery. The machinery is impelled by a steam-engine of forty-horse power, connecting with lines of shafting passing through the establishment, and by this, with the aid of several hundred operatives, men and women, sheet-brass and steel wire are cut, turned, polished and transformed into the most delicate and perfect watch-movements, at the rate of more than ninety thousand per annum.

The visitor at Waltham finds a plain, substantial brick building, two stories in height, and enclosing a quadrangular court. Entering, he will see extending along the closely-placed windows, on each side of the rooms, the rows of neat benches, at which are seated the operatives employed on the various parts of which the watch is made up. He will be impressed, most of all, with the exceeding minuteness of the work, and the almost imperceptible manner in which the minutely adjusted machinery does its part. Willis was hardly guilty of exaggeration in fancifully comparing the successions of minute instruments to long ranges of little fairies, each weaving its cobweb miracles under a careful sentinel's superintending eye. This is the feature of the Waltham Manufactory. Here invariably machinery does the "hundred little dexterities which have hitherto been done only by the variable hand of the workman." With the machinery once regulated with microscopic exactness, millions of watches of the same size and pattern are made with invariable uniformity, all equally sure to keep the sun's time—whereas, formerly, each watch had its trials and humors, and kept any sort of time it chose.

The delicacy and minuteness of many parts of these watches are almost incredible. A small heap of grains, having to the naked eye all the appearance of pepper dust, are seen, when examined with a microscope, to be perfect screws, each to be driven to its place with a screw-driver of microscopic fineness! It takes 300,000 of these minute bits of steel to weigh a pound. So delicate are their proportions, that out of a single pound of steel, costing, perhaps, fifty cents, are manufactured eleven hundred dollars' worth of screws.

The process of drilling and adjusting the jewels—rubies, sapphires or chrysolites—is one of the most delicate operations of the manufactory. They are first drilled with a diamond, and then opened out with diamond dust, on a soft hair-like iron wire, their perforations having certain microscopic differences. In like manner, the pivots of steel that are to run in these jewels, without wearing out in the least, must be exquisitely polished. The jewels and pivots, after being thus finished, are classified by means of a gauge, so delicately graduated as to detect a difference of the ten thousandth part of an inch. The jewels are classified by means of the pivots, the jewels and pivots of the same number fitting each other exactly. The sizes of the several pivots and jewels in each watch are carefully recorded under its number, so that, as already explained, if any one of either should fail in any part of the world, by sending the number of the watch to Waltham, the part desired may be readily and cheaply replaced with unerring certainty.

The manufacture of watches by machinery is a thoroughly American invention, and is no where else practiced on the same scale. There are now several companies organized for this purpose in the United States, all of which send out excellent time-keepers; but the Waltham Company, the pioneer in this department of industry, still leads them all, and the watches it manufactures are of the best and most reliable quality. Its capital is nearly one million of dollars. Last year it turned out about three hundred watches every day, and this year the proportion will be still greater. Thrown upon the market at this rate, and at the low price of the less elaborately finished specimens, they are rapidly taking the place of the unreliable watches furnished by foreign manufacturers. No American, however poor, need be without his accurate time-keeper; and, with one of these in his pocket, he can never plead ignorance of the "time of day" in excuse for being dilatory in keeping engagements.

A SOURCE OF PLEASURE.—It is a source of pleasure when we can recommend a bona-fide article. Speer's "Standard Wine Bitters" is a credit to its maker, and will be of incalculable benefit to suffering humanity. It is particularly good in cases of general debility. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. It is simply the pure juice of the grape, made bitter by herbs and roots. Sold by Druggists.

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For a Club of 50 and Five Dollars.—1 Black or Colored Alpaca Dress Pattern. 1 Set Lace Curtains. 1 pair all Wool Blankets. Engraved Silver Plated 6 bottle Revolving Castor. 1 Beautiful Writing Desk. 1 Solid Gold Scarf Pin. 3 1/2 yards very fine Cassimere for Pants and Vest. 1 Set Ivory Balanced Handle Knives with Silver Plated Forks. 1 Elegant Satin Parasol, heavily beaded and lined with silk. 1 pair Gent's Calf Boots. 30 yards good Print. 30 yards good Brown or Bleached Sheet, yard wide, or 40 yards 7-8 yard wide, good quality. 1 Ladies' elegant Morocco Travelling Bag. 1 Square Wool Shawl. 1 Plain Norwich Poplin Dress Pattern. 1 1/2 yards double width cloth for Ladies' Cloak. Elegant Engraved Silver Plated Teapot. 3 yards double width waterproof cloth for Cloaking.

For a Club of 100 and Ten Dollars.—1 rich Merino or Thibet Dress Pattern. 1 pair fine Damask Table Cloths and Napkins to match. 1 pair Gent's French Calf Boots. 1 Heavy Silver Plated Engraved Ice Pitcher. Very fine all Wool Cloth for Ladies' Cloak. 1 web, very best quality, Brown or Bleached Sheet, 7 1/2 yards fine Cassimere for suit. 1 Elegant Poplin Dress Pattern. 1 Elegant Berage Dress Pattern. 1 Beautiful English Berage Shawl. 1 Set Ivory Balanced Handle Knives and Forks. 1 Ladies' or Gent's Silver Hunting case Watch. 1 Barlett Hand, Portable Sewing Machine. Splendid Family Bible, 80-1 Engravings, with Record and Photograph pages. 35 yards good Hemp Carpeting, good colors. 1 pair good Marseilles Quilt. 1 good 6 barrel Revolver. 1 Elegant Fur Muff and Cape. 1 Single Barrel Shot Gun. 1 Silver Plated Engraved 6 bottle Revolving Castor, cut glass bottles. 1 very fine Violin and Bow, in case. 1 Set Ivory Balanced Knives and Forks.

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JOHN J. CISCO,

Treasurer, New York.

September 26, 1868.

681-83

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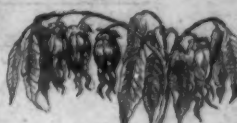
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